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WAYWARD AND OBEDIENT:

OR,

The Narrative of Seven Years of a Life.

BY

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths.—Prov. 3: 5, 6.

PHILADELPHIA:
GARRIGUES BROTHERS,

No. 608 ARCH STREET.

1880

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BY MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

Ascription:

NOW UNTO HIM
THAT IS ABLE TO KEEP
YOU FROM FALLING, AND TO
PRESENT YOU FAULTLESS BEFORE THE
PRESENCE OF HIS GLORY WITH EXCEEDING JOY,
TO THE ONLY WISE GOD OUR SAVIOUR,
BE GLORY AND MAJESTY, DO-
MINION AND POWER, BOTH
NOW AND EVER,
AMEN.

TRANSFER FROM U. S. G. O. S. 112

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	7
CHAPTER I.	
MY CONVERSION	17
CHAPTER II.	
I START TO TRAVEL.....	27
CHAPTER III.	
I RETURN HOME.....	38
CHAPTER IV.	
I GO TO OREGON.....	46
CHAPTER V.	
I RESUME MY TRAVELS.....	56
CHAPTER VI.	
I REACH ST. PAUL.....	73
CHAPTER VII.	
LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.....	84

	PAGE
CHAPTER VIII.	
"GO FORWARD"	96
CHAPTER IX.	
TO ENGLAND.....	105
CHAPTER X.	
AGAIN AFLOAT.....	117
CHAPTER XI.	
TO LIVERPOOL.....	131
CHAPTER XII.	
THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.....	143
CHAPTER XIII.	
A FLOOD OF LIGHT.....	155
CHAPTER XIV.	
INCIDENTS AND REFLECTIONS.....	168
CHAPTER XV.	
THOUGHTS BY THE AUTHOR.....	180

INTRODUCTION.

IN placing this little volume before the public, I would not preface it with any words of commendation in regard to him who is the subject of the simple story. I am not one given to dealing in eulogium, much less would I laud the human, where the power of the Divine alone should fix the eye of him who looks. And yet, I would not be so reticent as to withhold from those who read, a simple statement of my acquaintance with him, especially as the manner of that acquaintance was marked by the Lord's leading. Those readers, at least, who are numbered among my personal friends, will have a desire to know in regard to this.

Last winter, at the close of a "Friday meeting" at Wesley Hall, Philadelphia, this young man came to me, and, introducing himself, said, "I heard of you at Charleston, South Carolina, and wondered if I should ever see you. I am so glad to have the opportunity." I was giving Bible expositions in Philadelphia at the time, and afterward he came to a number of these. This afforded

me frequent opportunity for brief conversation with him, and, becoming more and more interested in the simply earnest life he seemed living, I asked him to come and see me, that we might have better opportunity to talk. I was impressed, not with him, for he is wholly unpretentious, but with the earnest trust that results from communion with God, and that commits the guidance of even the minutiae of life to Him. He called as I requested, several times, and I was much interested in many things, narrated in regard to the leadings of the Lord. I remember thinking, if these were written out, how helpful they might be to others— young people especially; and I mentioned it once to him, when he replied, that he felt they might be, some time, for the experience seemed given him for others as well as for himself. With a smile he made some intimation that I might have to do the writing for him, as his education was so deficient as to render him unqualified to do it with sufficient correctness for print; but little did I think then that mine would be the hand designated to write the record.

In the spring we went to the country, and from that time I lost trace of him, until this winter in New York, he suddenly appeared one night at a Bible exposition I was giving. He had only that

day come into the city, and, dropping in at the "Willard Tract Repository," learned of the meeting and came. It seemed wonderful he should have been led to me so immediately on his arrival, for he had no idea I was here; and he said that during the months passed since he had seen me, while out at sea, he had had such great desire to attend some of those expositions again. He called twice to see me, and the result of the second call is stated in one of the closing chapters of this book. And so, in compliance with the request brought back to me, as there stated, and with manifest right, as we saw it, this narrative of the past seven years of his life has been written. While I have penned the words, he has sat by, telling his story. I have followed strictly the facts as narrated to me by himself, not allowing myself to use a word that would, in the slightest, alter his meaning. Many times I have used his own words and expressions; but in clothing the thoughts of another, the formulation of the sentences and the choice of words must be largely the work of the one who writes. The clothing of the thought, however, is not the thought. I have sometimes added quotations of Scripture, where they were especially applicable to what he was saying, and thoughts or reflections, when suggested

by the narrative, as it ran on. But even these have been much his own, and nothing has been written that did not grow directly out of his story, and that has not been sanctioned by himself. So that it is his story.

I have felt wonderfully and Divinely assisted in catching the inspiration of his frame of mind, so as to portray his feelings and sentiments. I adopted the plan of having him talk for a few minutes, and then sit quietly and collect what was to come next while I summed up and wrote what he had just told me. Then before proceeding I would read the few pages written, in order to give opportunity at once for correction if needed. It was no unusual thing, after the reading, for him to exclaim, his face lighting up, "Why, you have told it better than I could."

The objection may be urged that little has been said of service rendered—that there seems little of that where so much has been received. I would simply answer, that is not the object of the writing. It is not to tell what he has done, but what has been done for him—not in any way to laud the creature or bring him prominently before the reader, but to magnify the Creator for "His goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." If a record of good deeds had

been required, mine would have refused to be the hand to write it, especially as the subject of the narrative lives, and I might thus be setting a snare to entice him into spiritual pride. Neither did he forget the injunction, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret." Only in a general way do I take the liberty of stating in this preface, that his life has not been barren of fruit that brought blessing to others. Is not the manner, so prevalent at the present day, of publishing whole volumes that trumpet to the world the good deeds of Christians, but a pitfall over which pilgrim feet may stumble into the quick-sands of the flesh?

As I have to assume the responsibility, at least, of having written this record of the wondrous leadings of the Divine Hand, so marked in detail, I wish to say a few words in reference to my own views in regard to this matter. I believe that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." I believe that if, "in all" our "ways" we "acknowledge Him, He will direct our paths." I believe there is a Divine Providence so minute that it comprehends the smallest detail of our lives, as we submit those lives to the influent life which becomes the guiding, controlling power of our lives, acting through our faculties and powers,

never ignoring them. We do not lose freedom of choice, but, as human branches, engraft into a Divine vine, we bear human fruit from a Divine Source of life. Keeping constantly open the receptacles of our being to that influent life, is "abiding in the vine"—is abiding in Him that His Word of life may abide in us. This influent life becomes the keeping power of creatures who are yet, ever weak, fallible, human.

But while I believe in a Divine Providence so minute and constant, I wish to disclaim a belief in that blind, enthusiastic impulse which vaunts and asserts itself, claiming to be the voice of the Lord speaking, but which, if the voice of the Lord, surely gives forth an uncertain and incongruous sound, wonderfully at variance with itself if the utterances of all who speak from it are to be accredited. In the 13th chapter of Ezekiel, a pretty severe rebuke is dealt to this class. "Whereas they say the Lord saith it; albeit, I have not spoken." This wild enthusiasm however, which is making skeptics sneer and careful ones doubt, is but the counterfeit which proves there is a genuine to be counterfeited. We must come back to the behest, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." It was only as the subject of this narra-

tive committed his way unto the Lord, that that way was ordered and directed. Waywardness, each time, was the fruitful source of trouble.

And here is a fitting place for me to say a word in regard to prayer. In the Scriptures, things are often presented to us according to the appearance, as, for example, when the Lord is represented as hiding Himself, when, in truth, we, Adam-like, are seeking to withdraw from and hide ourselves from God. So, in the narrative of an experience, things must often be written as they appear. This is eminently true in regard to prayer, concerning which many have a wholly erroneous idea, seeming to think that earnest pleadings will change the mind of God, when, in truth, the true prayer is the means by which we are brought into a state of receptivity—into the Divine order—and so become the recipients of what, all the time, God was not only willing but seeking, “standing with outstretched hands all the day long,” to bestow upon us.

It will be noted in the record of this experience, that it is marked by three distinct stages. This ought not to be wondered at, when we see three stages so beautifully portrayed in the Scriptures. There stands the temple of stone—pillar of truth—with its three courts—the court of the Gentiles

—the court of the holy place, and the holy of holies; and with the words echoing down to us through the ages, “know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God?” how can we fail to see that that outer temple was but an “ensample” of these wonderful temples, which are the mechanism of God, with their outer sensuous or natural that lies next to the world—their more interior rational faculties which are the receptacles of truth—and the innermost or affectional part of our being where must reign supreme love to God? In order to gain the innermost, the preceding courts must be passed, and the three stages in the Christian’s experience are but passing through the doors which give entrance to these courts. The “baptism of repentance for the remission of sins” marks one stage, the “baptism of the Spirit” another, and the “baptism of fire” or love is another, when He who has been sought has indeed “come into His temple,” and now “sits as a refiner,” as a “purifier of gold and silver”—refining our receptacles of love and truth. Now it is that He who is our “wisdom, righteousness and sanctification,” may become our “redemption” also, if we permit, as the flood-gates are taken away, and from the innermost, back through the avenue through which it gained access, begins to

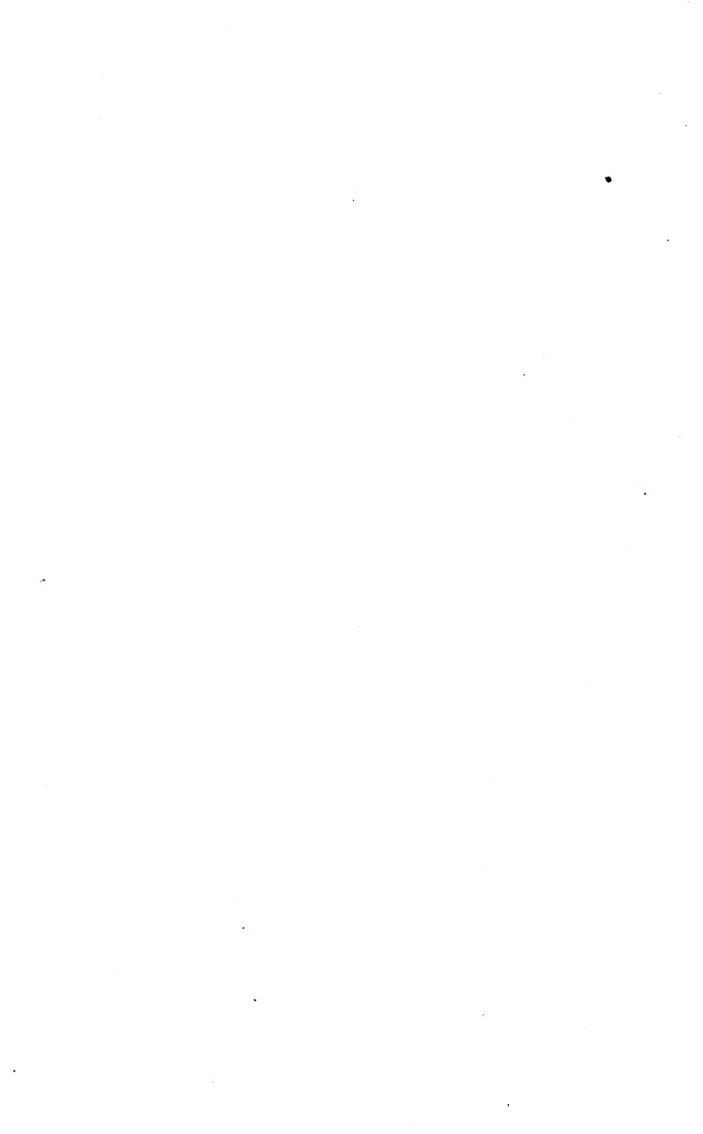
flow out that "fountain" of life which brings the whole being into a well watered vineyard, a fruitful garden, an eden of the Lord. The wonder to me is that we are satisfied with so little, when we are told we have the riches of our God in glory from which to draw. Yet many are offended when these deeper things are pressed upon them. It is not so in natural things. He who receives ten thousand dollars is not offended if he is assured there are a hundred thousand more for him.

But I need not multiply words. The story is written. God's blessing was invoked from the beginning, and, during the writing, there have been frequent intervals of communion with the Lord, so that our own souls were refreshed and gladdened as we went on. From the beginning we have sought to commit all to Him, and now we commit the finished work to Him, knowing "He is able to keep that that we have committed to Him."

The subject of the narrative stated in his first chapter what was his object in the writing. She who has written, would simply say of her own motives and feelings, that what she has done, she has done as unto the Lord.

A. L. W.

NEW YORK, January 3, 1879.



WAYWARD AND OBEDIENT.

CHAPTER I.

MY CONVERSION.

IN the writing of this simple narrative of God's wonderful leadings, the chief desire is, to hold up before the minds of those who may read these pages, the wonderful power of God as being the same now as in the past ; thus glorifying Him by speaking forth His praises and telling of His "wonderful goodness to the children of men." I have been stirred as I have seen the unbelief on the part of professing Christians, and through the teaching of the Spirit, I have been led to see that their most grievous offence is in limiting the power of God, by their unbelief. The Spirit was promised as a guide to lead us into truth ; but the Holy Spirit is dishonored, when blind unbelief will not accept and receive what God has provided. Through these pages I would tell to the world, that, since my conversion, I have been led to

accept the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and that the latter experience was one wholly distinct from the former—just as distinct as is a clean heart from the pardon of sins. And so, I would tell that, what eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man to conceive of God's goodness, He reveals by His Spirit to them who accept and are taught by that Spirit. All honor and glory to Him is my first wish! Next, and inseparable from it, the desire that, through these words of testimony, others may be led to "taste and see that the Lord is good," and that "there is no want to them that fear Him."

Often, in my own experience, the Lord has anticipated my unbelief, and has said to me as He did to Jairus, the ruler of the synagogue, whose daughter was dead, "Be not afraid—but believe." And so I, in this narrative, would go before and anticipate the doubts of those who have not yet trusted Him wholly, and, applying these words of our Savior, which have seemed sweetest of all to me, I would say, "Be not afraid—but believe," as I tell what wonderful things the Lord hath done for me. Do not permit the Savior again to utter those words, "O, faithless and perverse generation, how long shall I be with you? how

long shall I suffer you?" Rather do His bidding that follows, "bring hither" to Him your afflicted soul, and see how, "from that very hour," you will be healed. As I have looked on the spiritual darkness around me, I have often felt that I would fain leave this body of clay, and dwell only with God; and I have said, looking onward to this, "My soul waiteth for thee more than they that watch for the morning." Yet, while I remain, as the Savior commanded, I would let my light shine. For this I write these pages.

When a child between eight and nine years of age, at my father's home, on a farm in Kentucky, I went one day into the orchard. While there, my eye fell on a sprig of grass—a very small one—and I stood and looked at it a long time. This thought came into my mind: It was the smallest object that my eye looked upon, and I thought, how long can I remember that sprig of grass? I did not then see the lesson in it that the Lord intended to teach me. I have never forgotten the incident, nor the sprig of grass. All stands before me now, and I seem to see myself standing there, a child, looking at it. But how, through that circumstance, the watchful care of God has been magnified to me, and He has shown me that He *never* forgets the smallest act, or word, or deed of

kindness! He has shown me, too, that through our humiliation He is exalted, not through any exaltation of ours. And yet as we are truly humble, so, truly, are we exalted in Him. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." It is a rich feast to me now, and so sweet as I look back and see His leadings all the way along through my childhood, and how, even then, though I did not see it, through lessons of humiliation He was exalting Himself in me.

From the time that I can remember, I was really under conviction, but about seven years ago, my father having moved from Kentucky to Arkansas, I was placed upon a bed of affliction, from which no one thought I would recover. All gave up hope of my life. My mother, grandmother and friends, all pressed upon me the necessity of preparation for death. It was hard to bear, for they seemed adding to my suffering, but what seemed hard then, I since see was kindness and love. All the way along, up to this time, my conviction had gradually deepened, but now it was intense. It was not so much because I feared death, when they told me they thought I would die—that it was impossible for me to live. It was not that. It was my load of guilt—my past sins, that burdened me. I wanted to be rid of this

load. To live and bear it, seemed worse to me than death. I did not want to live unless I could be rid of it, and be prepared to live better. I was not looking forward so much as I was looking backward. Yet how rebellious my will! How stubborn I was! It seemed I could not or would not yield. But there came a point when I began to find that he that would save his life must lose it, and I began to pray. My cry unto God was that He would remove this load of guilt, and then either let me die, or else raise me up to His glory. But how the arrows pierced my soul, "even to the dividing asunder of joints and marrow!" It seemed like tearing my heart out to trust Him, and yet I felt I must trust Him. He seemed to me so awful a Being—so severe a Judge, that, to trust Him, would be almost to be crushed. And yet, if it should be death to trust Him, it could be no worse than death, not to trust Him. I must yield. But I found that he that would save himself by striving, must be destroyed. Struggles would not do.

My father was well known through the whole community—had many friends, and all seemed brought into sympathy by my illness. The church prayed for me, the friends prayed for me, at their homes and with me. But notwithstanding all

this, my stubborn will kept me from confessing to them the deep conviction I was suffering. It was known only to God, and I would not yield to Him. Finally, He showed me that I was to "honor my father and mother," by confessing my shortcomings to them. This I did. My father is a very quiet man, but was melted in love, and assured me he was holding nothing in remembrance against me. I told him I wanted to die—that my life was such a useless one. When I saw his forgiveness and love, it helped me to see the mercy and love of my Heavenly Father.

My illness had so prostrated my body, that I was unable to move or turn myself, sometimes too weak to turn my head. Life seemed to hang in a balance. While in this weak condition, a local minister came in one day, and while there knelt in prayer for me. I turned my eye toward him. He knelt at the opposite side of the room from me. If there were others in the room, they were where I could not see them. As I lay on my bed at one side of the room and looked over where he knelt at the other, the most forsaken feeling took possession of me. Father, mother, all seemed to have left me. Even the minister knelt far away from me. I was left alone with God. I was not much acquainted with the Scriptures then—I was

only acquainted with grief and sorrow, for my life had been one of mental and physical suffering. I had inherited a physical malady that had not only brought suffering to my body, but also, through this, seasons of the deepest anguish of mind. But now, left alone with God, forsaken, it seemed, by all, I can see in looking back, that He brought me to the practical point of understanding the words, "for by grace are ye saved, through faith;" though these words were not in my mind, yet I learned, practically, their meaning. Then I saw that striving could not save me. I was helpless—I could do no more. I felt as weak as an infant, in every respect. I stopped right there. Then God gave me patience. This was His first sweet gift to me. Faith was quickened. In my weakness, as I lay there, I began to look up, just as you may have seen a bird when its mother is coming. My spiritual ear seemed quickened, and through the air of faith came to me rumblings and thunderings that spoke of the mighty power of God. Hearing this, I looked up as the bird looks up when it hears the sound of its mother's wing. I waited, but not long. As I looked, the heavens seemed opened, and I saw, as it were, a spout of water, coming from amidst the heavens, descending toward me—nearer, nearer—till, in indescribable

gentleness it fell into my heart, and from there, thrilled through my whole being. A moan of deliciousness was all I could utter, but that was enough. The ears of the loved ones caught it. They knew what it meant. But a little time before, all seemed to have forsaken me. Now, with smiles of gladness, they flocked about me. I saw that all knew what had taken place, and I had no wish to talk. How sweet to feel in this heart that had been pierced and burnt and parched by what seemed God's rod of reproof, the cooling, refreshing Water of Life He had poured out upon me, to wash away the guilt of my sins, and to cool and refresh and heal the wounds!

From this moment, the force of my illness was broken, and I began to recover. Life was pouring into my outer through my inner being. I wanted to take no more medicine, although I was prevailed on by others to do so. Not only was the severe illness which I was then suffering, broken, but the inherited infirmity, diseased liver, was greatly relieved, so that I have never suffered from it since as before.

I was healed, but the strength came gradually. Now my great desire was to get out to tell everybody. I could not keep it in. So eager was I that in my attempts to go, I would sometimes fall;

but I did not mind that. I would get up and start again. One day I went into the barn-yard where my brother had just bridled a very wild horse, to go on some errand, not very pressing. I knew it would make little difference whether he or I had the horse, except for the danger they might have felt for me, so I took it, clambering on from a stump, and having scarce strength to keep my position with the motion of the horse. My one desire was to go to a neighbor's, to whom I wanted to tell the good news. I got there in safety, told the glad tidings, and started to return. On the way back, the horse stumbled, and the sudden jerk threw me forward over his head, and I was bruised by the fall. But, though my head was hurt, I did not mind even that. I saw God's protecting love to His children in accepting their efforts at service when prompted by love, even though they may be unwise. The wild horse made no move to run, or leave me, but stood looking at me in pity, it seemed, and trembling with fright. I rose, and he gently allowed me to lead him aside and clamber on again, then quietly took me home in safety.

After this change in my inner being, everything outward appeared changed also. I seemed in a new world. The trees, the fields, the towns, all

seemed changed and more beautiful, because of the change within. But what astonished me most, was the change amongst my schoolmates, for I was then but about sixteen years old. Before this, I had many enemies among them. When I was able to go to the village where I had gone to school, I wanted to tell them myself of God's pardoning love. But the news spread before me. As my sickness had been so generally known, so also the news of my conversion had spread, and as I met those who before had been rude and bitter, their whole manner was gentle and kind. One, in particular, who seemed to have a kind of savage nature, and who had been one of the most unkind, when I met him seemed gentle and kind as a lamb.

Let God's be all the glory, for His was the power! When I let His love into my heart, that love became my protection as well as the overcoming power, and though weak in body, it gave me the strength and courage of the lion. I was fearless to do or speak for Him. This boldness was not understood, even by my parents. They thought I was crazy, but I knew I was speaking from a power within, a power that made me wish to proclaim to the whole world what had been done for me. How slow are God's children, sometimes, to accept His answers to their own prayers!

CHAPTER II.

I START TO TRAVEL.

MY conversion occurred in the early part of the winter. The following March I left home. I had a great desire to travel—a desire to leave home—my principal reason being that I thought it would build up my strength. Every change I had made, even in the quiet neighborhood, I was conscious had been a benefit to me. Two or three years before, we had lived near Forrest City, but now we were some eighty miles away. My father still went there to sell his produce, and make purchase of groceries. Now I prevailed upon him to let me go with him. Having lived there, we had many friends and acquaintances, and the children of my father's brother still lived there. All received me with gladness. Indeed, it seemed everybody's heart was open to me, and all saw the change in me. I had constantly improved during the three days journey in coming, and was still improving. This created in me a desire to remain, and having prevailed on my father to allow me to do so, he returned to our home without me.

After remaining there about a month among friends, I one day met two men, who, seeing my physical condition, advised me to go north—to Minnesota. In considering everything I came to believe that this was my Heavenly Father's will, and notwithstanding my want of means and the arguments of friends who tried to prevent me, urging that I might get sick away from home, &c., I felt that if I failed to go in obedience, it would bring guilt on my conscience. I began to prepare, but in the midst of discouragements. Even the two men who had advised me to go, when they saw the opposition of my friends, turned and advised me not to go. But I started, only a few days from the time they first spoke to me about it—started, trusting in God.

My first aim was to reach Memphis. The fare from Forrest City was three dollars. I had but a dollar and thirty-five cents in my pocket, yet as I stepped on that train, (the first time in my life I had boarded a train,) there was no one there with a happier heart than I. When the conductor came round, I took out my purse, and quickly began to tell him where I was going and that I was out of health. This he could see as he looked at me. He listened, and then looking at my money, said, "You had better keep that, you'll

need it when you get to the city." And so I was passed over the road. Having crossed the ferry, I found myself, for the first time in my life, in a city, a green country boy, with no strength but my trust in God. My all, so far as I knew, was fixed upon Him. Of course, I was attacked by the hackmen, who urged me to ride, though I had intended to walk. Although I refused, they persisted, one taking my valise from my hand, and tossing it into his hack. Thus overcome, I knew not exactly what to do, but I determined to follow my baggage, and when the hack started I stepped in after it.

The ride was a long one. It seemed to me he was taking me all over the city, and as we passed through the streets, and I looked out on the shops, the gay windows and the buildings, I sat back in the seat enjoying the delight of a child, and thinking I was just where I wanted to be. Finally, we stopped before a boarding-house, and the hackman demanded a dollar. I had but little more than this left after crossing the ferry. I told him he had compelled me to ride when I had refused, and with boldness I refused to pay it as unjust. As I look back at the courage now, it seems wonderful that a mere boy should have been made so fearless for the right, but I really felt brave

enough to face the whole world. The landlord came out, and after a few quiet words between them, they consented to take pay for my night's lodging as I proposed, and so he drove off. Alone, a stranger in a strange city, I felt I was not alone. The Lord in whom I trusted, was with me, and in every way was helping and leading.

During the next few days that I staid there, He raised up many kind friends for me, and my wants were supplied. Every one seemed in sympathy with me. Quite an alluring offer was made to me, too, by a gentleman from Kentucky, who desired me to go home with him and be taken into his family as his own son, offering many inducements. But I felt it was the Lord's will for me to go North, and in answer to my confidence in God, a pass was secured for me on board a vessel that took me to St. Louis, Mo. God's loving-kindness was manifest during this trip. All were kind to me, and although I offered a number of times to help in some work, I was refused, because they said I was not able. All seemed to have their hearts open to help and protect me, and before we reached St. Louis, a purse was made up for me, to help me on in my journey.

After arriving there, I staid on board the vessel all night, without any care for to-morrow. Since

my conversion I had been kept without any care for the future, and in an abiding trust for the present, as the Lord led me, step by step; and He seemed constantly saying, as I pressed onward, "Be not afraid, I will supply all wants." I was in a constant frame of prayer and trust, and, by hearkening to the voice which any one may hear who is willing to be led by the Spirit, I was cheered onward. Words cannot express how sweet and how *real* it is to be in that state. The following afternoon I went to the captain of another vessel that was going on up the river, and after exchanging but a few words with him he offered me a pass to take me to Keokuk, Iowa. We started almost at once, and here, as on the former vessel, I met with sympathizing friends who were kind to me, and my wants were supplied. I remained in Keokuk about a week, and here, too, the Lord made a way, raising up for me kind friends through whom I was not only provided for while I remained, but was also furnished with some light employment, by which I made a little money; thus securing some help for the future, also. I love to dwell on their kindness, and my heart melts as I think of it. It seems to take me right back to the time, and I see myself, a mere boy among strangers, sitting at their tables and re-

ceiving the kindness that might be extended to a member of the family. With gratitude I accepted it all as God's work, for I recognized His hand in it all. And not only did I recognize it, but others also, even waiting men. My peace flowed as a river. I did not seem to have even to offer uttered prayers, in the usual way—it was just simple trust; yet, I asked of the Lord for my wants. Even the world's people were struck with my simple faith, and though a stranger, the Christian people seemed to receive me right into their bosom. During my journey from Memphis, my heart had been filled with praise. All had been a delight. As the vessel ploughed on through even the motion and eddies and ripples of the water, were a delight. And as I looked at the beautiful scenery we passed, I felt like a bird let loose in some vast dominion. And here, in the midst of kindness, it was still a delight, and now, more than six years since, my heart yet praises God for the way He led me then, helpless child that I was.

But again the Lord showed His love in helping me onward. After I had been at Keokuk about a week, I went on board a vessel one evening, as it lay at the wharf, and being improved in health, I felt I was able to work my way on up the river.

I had been willing to help myself in this way many times, when I was refused on account of my weakness. Soon after going on the boat, I went into the bake-shop, and asked for work. It so happened the baker needed an assistant, and I was employed at once, at two dollars a week. Thus, not only was my passage secured, but a little more money was provided for the future. The vessel was delayed on the way, so that a week had passed before we arrived at St. Paul, the place for which I had started from Forrest City, Arkansas, on the seventh of April. It was now the first day of May. It was snowing that day, and was colder than much of our winter weather here in New York. The baker with whom I had worked, offered me a situation and wanted me to remain with him on the boat, but I felt I had reached the point to which the Lord had directed me, and here I was to remain.

But I could not be still. I was just like a bee going from place to place. My first object now was to get employment; so I went to inquire of the business men. I was directed to the Y. M. C. A., and it was the first time I had heard of that association. I went there, and was immediately provided with a place to sleep in the building till I would get a situation, and the secretary also at

once took me home with him in his buggy, to take supper with him. The weather was very cold, and as my clothing was not sufficiently warm for the change of climate, he also provided an overcoat which I used till the weather was pleasant, and then returned it; though I might have kept it, but I feared to do anything that might bring me into bondage.

The next morning was clear and bright, and as it had snowed the day before, looked more like a Christmas morning than the second of May. After getting some breakfast, I set out on my search for something to do. I was not yet strong enough for anything very laborious, and the thought of an apple-boy came to me. This seemed to suit my appearance, too, for, although something past sixteen, I looked in size and age to be about thirteen. I had always been confined to the house very much, on account of being delicate, and this gave me a tender look, not common to older boys, and from this, persons always thought me younger than I was. I went to a grocer for a basket and apples, to start on my enterprise. He seemed interested in me at once, asking some questions as to where I was from, &c. He was melted toward me, and furnished my little stock of supply at very low figures. With a happy heart and without any

shame, I started out to my humble work. And here, as all along, the Lord seemed to go before me, opening the hearts of the people to me. Every one seemed in sympathy with me.

I had chosen to sell the apples when the trains came in, and the stock was soon exhausted. As I followed it from day to day, my supply would frequently all be sold between the coming of the trains, and I would have to go back for more. Boy that I was, I cleared about a dollar and a half daily. Another circumstance occurred, which provided me a home. The keeper of a restaurant where I went one day to get something to eat, wanted a boy to do light turns in the mornings and evenings, for his boarding and lodging. I got this situation, and as it did not interfere with my other employment during the day, I still kept that up, and my profits were gain.

For about a month my life flowed on in this quiet uneventful way, the Lord being my guide and my keeper. One day I went down to the wharf and went on board a steamer as I frequently did, to sell my apples. There I met a gentleman who seemed at once drawn to me, and with whom I fell into conversation. After asking a number of questions as to who I was, and where

I was from, and leading me out to tell him of myself, he said that he had recently lost a son; and proposed^d to take me to his home in the outskirts of the city, and adopt me as his own in the place of the lost one, saying he knew his wife would be glad to have me come. He offered to educate and care for me as his own, assuring me of the love I would receive in his home. In Memphis I had had the first offer of this kind by the gentleman from Kentucky. In Keokuk I had had a similar one, which I failed to record in speaking of my experience there. This was the third one since I had left my home. It seemed strange that so many hearts were opened to me, and the offers were alluring. They seemed wonderful to be made to a strange, simple boy, and very kind and loving; but I felt I must not accept. Ever since I was converted and raised up from my sick bed, I had felt the Lord had a purpose in the daily direction of my life, and I felt I could not do anything or accept anything that might place me in spiritual bondage rather than freedom in Him. I must be led by His hand only. With this trusting faith in my heart, I refused.

As I look back now I see in what sweet humility the Lord kept me. All saw it, even the

world's people; but they had not learned to see God shining out through the frailest humanity that trusts itself to Him; and so, words of praise were often spoken to me, when the glory should all have been given to Him.

CHAPTER III.

I RETURN HOME.

WHEN I had been in St. Paul about a month, one day I received a letter in answer to one I had written home. This letter was written in part by my mother, and in part by my older brother. It contained both good news and bad. There were expressions of love and joy at the improvement in my health, and astonishment at the fact I had reached there, when they knew I had no means. I had not explained how the Lord had provided for me in this. From the letter, I saw that my father and brother were in favor of my remaining there, at least for some time. But my mother felt differently. Of course, she rejoiced at the improvement in my health, but she was in frail health, and my absence was a great sorrow and trial to her. In her letter she said her heart ached and throbbled with pain that she feared would end her life soon with grief, if I did not return.

When I had started for the north, I had gone because I had felt it was the Lord's will, and I

had put from me every thought of earthly attachments, as a hindrance, literally forsaking father and mother, brothers and sisters. But now as I read her letter, my natural heart raised its claims. It seemed to stir my soul to its very depths. I showed the letter to some of the business men with whom I had become acquainted. As they read it they advised me to return home. Thus prevailed upon by the voice of affection, and man, I consented, and on the sixteenth of June I started homeward.

I had procured a ticket at half price for first-class fare to St. Louis. But as the vessel bore me homeward, though the scenery was even more beautiful than when I had come up the river, everything being in full bloom, and although I was enjoying luxuries that had not been mine on the upward trip, yet I was less free in heart. A kind of cowardly feeling crept over me. I felt that I was going home at the voice of man and the call of human love, rather than stay there and trust God, not only to take care of me and lead me, but also to care for and comfort my mother's heart. I had had to purchase some clothing while in St. Paul, and when I arrived in St. Louis I had not money enough left to take me to Memphis. The question might be asked, why did you not

work your way down to St. Louis instead of buying a ticket, even at half price? By an accident I had badly sprained an ankle, and was not able to do so. But when I arrived at St. Louis it was better, and I went on board a steamer bound for Memphis, and asked the captain for work. Again I was sent to the baker, and was given a situation to work my way homeward.

In a few days we arrived at Memphis, and I found, after crossing the river, that I was too late for the train, so I was forced to remain over night. The change in the climate from St. Paul to Memphis, at this season of the year, was very great, and it seemed to prostrate me completely. I felt, as I lay down at night amid the heat and mosquitoes, as if I should die. I could not sleep, and as I lay awake, I had time to think that I had not made my coming home a subject of prayer between God and myself alone, as I should. Neither had I communed with Him on my way, as I had done before since my conversion. My heart seemed sinking down, as I felt what I had done. A flash of light like a ball of fire seemed to pass before my eyes, and so frightened was I, that I sprang from my bed and fell on my knees, imploring pardon. It was not long till I heard the words, so sweet to me, "Be not afraid, only believe." My

heart was comforted. I lay down quieted, and slept the sweet sleep of a child till morning. The heat was just as intense, the mosquitoes as bad, but I did not feel them. And yet, I was bitten so badly, that in the morning I was asked if I had the measles.

After my breakfast I went to the conductor of the train, to try to arrange for the rest of my journey homeward. He was very gruff and unpleasant, a contrast to the one who had taken me over the same road the other way, only a few weeks before. He would not favor me. As the train stood in waiting, however, I felt I would walk through it, at least, though I would not attempt to go if he was unwilling to favor me. No sooner had I entered than I saw a friend from Forrest City, who at once recognized me, and, of course, began to inquire of my situation, as a friend would. When I told him I had not money to take me home, he said, "Take this seat beside me. I have money for that very purpose."

Thus did the Lord provide for me in my extremity. Though I had not followed closely the instructions of the Lord, in thus turning my face homeward, yet, He did not forsake me, and when I cried unto Him, I found Him "a present help in time of need." But what a contrast did

my feelings present when compared with what they were on my former journey ! Then my heart was free and light as a bird ; now it was heavy and sad. I was not walking in the line of obedience. Prosperity did not attend me as on my first journey, rather adversity had followed me from the beginning of the present one. I was thwarted two or three times in attempting to take a boat from St. Paul, once meeting with the mishap of spraining my ankle, when, in attempting to save myself from falling into the water, I had jumped to the bank among stones. Then, when I started, I was not well on the journey. While some of the men in St. Paul had advised me to go home at my mother's call, yet many had tried to dissuade me, telling me that it would greatly injure me to go from that climate to the South at that season of the year.

This I found true. But I went, and found that prosperity did not attend me as when in the line of obedience. Persons were not in sympathy with me as when on my upward trip. Their hearts did not seem so open to me, and when they learned the circumstances of my going north and my speedy return, they frowned in displeasure at the latter. The helping hand was not extended as before, as the rebuff of the conductor helped to show. But

the Lord helped and protected His wayward child, even in his disobedience. Twice between Memphis and Forrest City, the train went off the track; once when I was sitting on the step reading, and this time the car careened over, and I was thrown out on the ground, and a man, in jumping, struck my back, hurting it badly.

When we arrived at Forrest City, though, by searching for a wagon from our neighborhood I could probably have been taken all the way home, yet I could not bear the thought. I suppose something like a desire to do penance took hold of me—a disposition to afflict myself, which we are very apt to feel when not in the right path, so I determined to walk. I stayed all night with a friend, and the next morning started to make the rest of the way home on foot. I accomplished twenty miles that day, and, in the evening, stopped in a country village, in the store of an acquaintance of my father; and was so worn and weary that I threw myself on a box and went to sleep, where I remained till it was time to close the store. Then I went to a hotel and was taken in for the night, not so much out of sympathy for me, though they took pains to provide for me kindly, but more prompted by the curiosity of a village inn to hear the story of my travels, with

which I entertained them for a while, quite to their delight. The next day I pursued my journey, and the next also, nothing of special interest occurring. The evening of the fourth day, I arrived at an uncle's only a few miles from home. There I remained over night. They were delighted to see me, and it seemed could hardly do enough for me, and the next morning a cousin saddled two horses,—for him and myself—and accompanied me home.

I need not speak of the joy of my reception at home, nor their delight when they saw me so much improved physically. But, though gladness was expressed by all friends at home, and through the neighborhood, for my return, yet nothing could restore to me that peace of heart which I felt when far away among strangers, with my sweet trust in God as my only protection and comfort and strength. The guilt of disobedience was on my soul. I felt I had followed man rather than God in this, and, in addition to this inward load, the depressing effect of the change of climate was very severe on my system, and I could not seem to rally from it.

My only comfort was in the thought that my presence at home soothed my mother's heart; but a hope sprang up within me, that I might one day

return to St. Paul. I could not bear the thought that I might never return there.

But now, at home by the wish of friends, I will drop the curtain over the sadness of heart I felt for not having walked in the mind of God, and proceed to the next change made in my outer life.

CHAPTER IV.

I GO TO OREGON.

MY arrival at home was in the early part of July. During the following winter my father sold his farm and other possessions, preparatory to a move to Oregon, which he was induced to make, partly with the hope that a change of climate would be a benefit to my mother, who was frail, and partly for other inducements.

I had hoped, as I said, to return to St. Paul, but I had never been able to make plain to the loved ones at home, the state of my mind and heart in regard to the matter. I was young and inexperienced and ignorant, not only in natural things, but also in spiritual things. I had not the power, and perhaps not the inclination, to lay my heart open to them *fully* in this matter. There is often a reserve about speaking of one's heart experiences to the family circle, that there is not among strangers. Be that as it may, I was not understood in this thing, and for this reason, I have no word of reproach for any of the dear ones at home, much less for my sainted mother, whose heart clung so

fondly about her weak, afflicted boy, whose whole life she had watched and cared for with such tender solicitude. So, not understanding, thinking, perhaps, it was only the restlessness of youth for change, and that some other change would answer as well, whenever I made allusion to St. Paul, this plan of all going together to Oregon was urged instead as being far better, and thus I was held.

In March we started on this journey. When we arrived at St. Louis, I expressed again my desire to go up the river instead of going on with them. Something within me made me feel I must go, but they did not know this. They would not consent, and again I yielded to the pleadings of natural affection, rather than to the voice of God. Of course, this was another act in the line of disobedience, and it did not tend to soothe the ache that I had carried in my heart from the time I had left St. Paul. The beautiful scenery we passed, though it occupied the eye and mind somewhat, could not lift the load I carried. Not that I felt I had left the Lord, or that He had forsaken me, or that my trust in Him was gone. But they who would have perfect peace, must walk in God's order, and in obedience to Him, else they bring on themselves the painful results of disobedience. It was so in my case. I was soon made to feel them more keenly.

We arrived at San Francisco a few hours too late to take the boat for Portland, Oregon, and as a boat only went out for that place once in nine days, we were obliged to remain there for another. A family had been in the hotel where we stopped, who, while there, had had the measles. The rooms proved to be not yet disinfected, and so I contracted the disease, though it did not become known until after we left. My whole stay in that city was exceedingly unpleasant. The sand and dust, blown about in the air and inhaled into my lungs, had a very bad effect on me, causing me to cough, frequently, till I raised blood. When we left there I was so weak from the depressing effect, that I was almost prostrated.

When we were two days out at sea, I woke one morning with a high fever, and felt so parched and burning that I rose, went out on deck, and applied water to my face and head. When it grew light enough for them to see me distinctly, it was discovered that my face was almost a solid mass of measles. All precaution was at once taken to protect me and to counteract the effects of my exposure, but it was too late. My naturally weak constitution, and my depressed condition from the effects of the cough that attacked me in San Francisco, making my lungs very sore,

helped to make it harder for me. I was very ill, and there was little hope of my life. In one ear I was entirely deaf, and was unable to speak from hoarseness.

When we arrived at Portland, I still seemed growing worse, but of course must be removed from the steamer. I was carried to the train and in a few hours we arrived at Eugene City, our destination. The hoarseness from my cough still made it almost impossible for me to speak except in a whisper.

From the time of my conversion when I was ill in Arkansas, I had always felt that I ought to look to God rather than to physicians for healing, but in this I was overruled, and being so young, did not know how to make myself clearly apprehended—perhaps did not understand fully myself. A physician, of course, was in attendance upon me now in this illness from measles. He examined my lungs, and pronounced them far gone. So it was thought, that even if I should survive for a time, this would soon take me away. But the Lord was better than their fears. He provided a way of relief. I have said I was deaf in one ear. Back of this ear a large abscess formed, which, when lanced, formed a channel through which the poisonous effects of the disease were carried out of my

system, not only saving the hearing of that ear, but relieving my lungs also. I began to recover from that time.

I have said little of my frame of mind during this illness. So far as my recovery was concerned, I think I was indifferent. I felt I had gone against my will, and without the Lord's approval, and, in my helplessness, it mattered little to me whether I recovered or not. I had no fears of death—felt confident I should be saved; but that sweet, restful peace that had been mine, had not yet returned to my heart.

We remained two weeks in Eugene City, during which time my father rode about the country and selected a farm. We moved to it, I being taken along. This change seemed also to help me, and my strength increased. But as my strength increased, not so with my mother. Her sickness was consumption, and from the time we left our Southern home, she seemed to grow worse. She was a very spiritual woman, earnest in her Christian life. It is sweet to me now as I remember her, to recall some of the things she told us. She had been a sufferer for many years, sometimes subject to sudden attacks of pain in her lungs, from which she suffered intensely. At times these attacks would come on when my father was out, and the

children at school; so she would not have the immediate care and assistance she needed. I have heard her relate, how, at such times, when no human hand was near, her cry unto God was heard and answered by sending relief from pain; and during the quiet and rest that would follow, in her communings with God, He would give to her visions of angels that seemed to be filling the room, hovering about her bed and ministering to her wants. So real was this to her, and with such simple faith did she relate it, that I never thought of having a doubt in regard to it.

In the minute detail of life, she carried her trials to God in prayer. I remember one incident. While at Eugene City, other members of the family were taken with measles. My father was necessarily away from us part of the time, in order to select a home to take us to as soon as possible. My mother had grown worse from the time we started, especially after leaving San Francisco, where she had contracted a cold. Now, at Eugene City, with several members of her family sick, and my father away, she was taken with a severe attack. She and the rest of the sick ones needed kind care, but there we were among strangers, with no one to call on. But God was at hand, and she lifted her cry to Him. It was but a little time till a

young lady came in to see us, saying she had heard we were sick, but to-day she felt she ought to come in and see if there was anything she could do for us. My mother always said, she was the angel that time, that God had sent to minister to our wants.

During her illness, and after our arrival in our new home, she seemed to come to understand my wishes and frame of mind as she had not before, and frequently said to me that, when she was gone, if I still felt I ought to return to St. Paul, to go; but she desired me to remain with her while she continued to live here. This comforted me to know that, if I went again, I would go with her sanction. But, spiritually, I had fallen into a kind of back-slidden state, and my heart was tossed with doubts and fears, and I was in a state of unrest. As I sat near her bed one day, I suppose the unrest in my heart left its trace on my face, so that she observed it. Her mother-heart seemed to take it in, and she said to me as if understanding all, "Walter, if you are not right, you can get right." The tenderness of her voice and manner made the words sink into my heart, and no words my mother ever uttered to me have I so delighted to dwell on as this simple utterance. How often has it come back, like a beacon-light to cheer me onward!

My father selected a farm, as I said, and we moved to it; but settled again in our own home, my mother still grew worse. She looked forward, calmly, quietly, to the end that she felt drew near. She had always asked God that, when death came to her, in that hour He would spare her intense suffering. That prayer was heard and answered, when, on the ninth of July, she quietly "fell on sleep."

And now, in this chamber of death, I would tread softly. As I looked on my mother's lifeless clay—the sweet spirit having taken its flight—amid the sorrow I felt for a mother gone, there crept into my heart a feeling of peace that I had met the requirement of the command, "Honor thy father and mother," and that God had accepted my course in this light. I had not just understood it in that way before, and it seemed like balm to my troubled spirit. The words, "If you are not right, you can get right," came to me, and I saw how God could make a way to carry out His own wishes with me. All thought of what I had suffered was gone, and I saw how God could make "*all things* work together for good." So, though my heart sorrowed, yet God comforted it.

But, I need not lay bare the tender grief felt for a mother gone. In the beautiful Willamette

Valley, around which is a girdle of mountains with their evergreen firs, we laid her cold form. Her spirit had gone to fields fairer than these, where the verdure of life is unfading.

For a year after this I remained in Oregon, my life being uneventful, and partly spent in school. I still looked forward to the time when I would leave, but did not yet see my way clear to go. My heart had been greatly comforted and strengthened, but still, that abiding peace and trust which seemed as natural as to breathe, had never been fully restored to me. For this I still longed. "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation," was my heart's cry. I did often have "showers of blessing," particularly on my way from school, when I would many times slip into the quiet grove alone, and commune and pray. At such times I would be so filled and blessed, that I would sometimes utter my praises aloud, there, where was no ear to hear save the Lord's.

During the fall, there was a protracted meeting held near us, a kind of revival service. I attended it. How my soul longed! At times I was tempted to believe that I had sinned against the Holy Spirit. To be rid of this—to be *fully* restored, I was willing to do anything. I asked prayers. I went to the altar, but nothing availed.

I seemed to grow worse. One Sabbath morning before the hour for service, I went out in the grove alone to commune with God. During that hour I saw how I had been seeking help from man and outward things, and all had failed. Now I must go to God alone. God recognized this abandonment to Him. I had now come into an attitude to look, not at what I had lost—not to other helps—but to Him alone. And so, like the dew, a sweet peace settled down in my heart. I was restored.

CHAPTER V.

I RESUME MY TRAVELS.

JUST here I feel that, before going farther, and in connection with the death of my mother, I should speak of a lovely sister, the oldest of our family, whom the Lord took to Himself several years before this time. I should, perhaps, have spoken of the event ere this, but it occurred some time before my conversion, and this narrative has been dated chiefly from that event. This sister was converted when very young—but a little girl—and was so lovely, and gentle, and Christ-like in her whole character, that all seemed drawn toward her. Consumption was making its ravages in her body, but while it was consuming her natural life, the consuming fire of God's love was purifying her spirit from dross, and fitting her for the beautiful spirit-world, where is no pain. How the grace of God may be magnified, even by childhood and youth! When but eighteen years old, calmly, quietly, her sweet spirit fled from its house of clay, ere she was called to suffer the blasts of the world or the struggles of life. "Forever with the Lord!"

After her death, being frail myself and not fitted for anything that required vigor and strength, I had taken a sister's place in the family, and was my mother's help in her household cares, and the care of the younger children. When my mother was taken, I was the only one who could take charge of these matters. But the confinement to the in-door life was not helpful to my health, and about a year from the time of her death found me almost broken down. Again a physician was summoned, and I was placed under treatment; but I grew worse rather than better, and he gave no encouragement. My father, becoming satisfied that the remedies rather harmed than helped me, dismissed him; and as a kind of last resort, gave me my freedom to go where I would, thinking some change would help me, yet not thinking what use I would make of the liberty he gave me. But my heart gave a bound as I felt myself free to follow God's leading. I soon made known the thought that I would return to St. Paul, but the family smiled at the idea of one in my condition attempting such a step.

My father had a friend who lived among the mountains, about fifty miles from our home. This friend came down to Eugene City, with his wagon after provisions. My father proposed that I

should go home with him and spend a few weeks—perhaps it might help me. When I started, I told them I would go on to St. Paul, but they did not believe me. Laughing, they said I would be glad enough to come back in a month. And so, no preparation was made as if I were starting on a long journey, and I had less than a dollar in my pocket, and but the suit I had on, with a change or two of underwear. But within me was new hope, for I felt that if I followed God's leading, He would restore me to health. It may seem strange that I was so fixed in the one thought of going to St. Paul, but the first impression made on me that that was His will concerning me, was a permanent one. I could not rid myself of the idea that He had a purpose in leading me there, and that purpose had not yet been accomplished. It was chiefly for spiritual help, and I missed the sweet Christian helps and associations I had had there. To these I longed to return. I also felt that, in part, He had led me to that climate for healing and balm to my diseased liver. Since I left there, my sufferings on this score had greatly increased. My one desire now was to retrace my steps and get back in God's order, by walking in obedience.

My father was contemplating marriage at no

distant day, and changes were soon to be made in our home, so that this added to my freedom, and prevented my feeling, as I might have done, that I was breaking or scattering the family. My having had the care of household matters, might have made me feel some care as to who would fill my place if I left.

Starting off as I did, I remember there came to me distinctly the instructions of our Lord to His disciples when He sent them out without "purse or scrip, neither change of raiment." This helped to assure me the Lord would provide. O, the joy of the freedom in my heart!

The ride was a very pleasant one to me, and I was kindly received. Everything seemed delightful, yet the next day came the desire to press onward. Something seemed drawing me on, and I almost felt, "woe is me" if I do not go. I see now the Lord was teaching me the sweet lesson of casting myself wholly out, on His care. It was the simple lesson of trust and obedience. I was to learn whether the point by which it was to be learned was important in and of itself or not. I remained there two nights and one day, instead of the few weeks that had been planned for me. The gentleman with whom I was visiting, had taken in a pony that had strayed down from farther up the

mountain, and when I expressed a desire to go to a camp some twenty-five miles farther on, where supplies were kept for emigrants, he commissioned me to take this pony, that far, on its way home. The second day I started off in the morning. I was weak, and it was tiresome for me to ride ; but as I ascended the very steep mountain side, and looked back when some distance up, my heart swelled with emotion and delight. Never had I looked on a scene so grand. The beautiful Willamette Valley, in which, fifty miles away, was the home of my loved ones, lay before me, as I turned and looked. It was a vast scope my eye took in. I looked and admired, but with earnest heart and without regret, I turned to the ascent of the mountain. The beauty of the valley seemed to speak to me of the richness of blessing the Lord had already bestowed upon me ; but there were mountain heights of His love lying yet beyond, which my eye had not seen. I must press on to these. Hope kindled afresh. On before me, in the line of obedience, were health and blessing, from God's love. I could not yet take them in, but something assured me they were there. I was so weak it was sometimes hard to sit on the pony's back ; but as hope sprang up within, and I drank in the pure, mountain air, I

seemed to grow stronger. I had left home with bottles of medicine which I had been taking. Now, left free to choose my own course, I abandoned these, leaving them all at the house of our friend. It was a final farewell to medicine. I have looked to the Lord for healing since then.

The valley below was "a land of flocks," and these flocks of sheep were often driven through the mountain passes in search of fresh pasture on the other side. On my way up the mountain, I passed a great many "corrals," or sheep-pens, where they were kept over night to shield them from the wolves. And yet, I saw traces here and there of those that had wandered away, and because of that wandering, had fallen a prey to devouring wolves. Fit picture of other sheep, that, refusing to be guided by their Shepherd, who would fain protect them by sheltering them from harm, wander away to suffering—perhaps to destruction. As they were driven, too, how apt they were, when weary and faint to sink down under the pressure, and fall behind, only to meet sorrow. How like those who faint in the hour of trial, and fall by the way!

Before sunset, I reached the camp at the top of the mountain, near "Diamond Peak." Two men kept this camp, and one was away. The one who

remained welcomed me as if I had been an old friend. I suppose one who has never lived in this isolated way, can have no idea of the gladness of heart at meeting another of human kind. So I was made welcome, and here I remained for a week, gaining strength and "faring sumptuously every day" on the fresh trout which were caught from the beautiful "Crescent Lake," which lay, a crystal wonder, on the top of this mountain. I wandered about, rowed on the lake, drew in the trout lines and helped with the work. During all, my confidence and trust became stronger and more real.

I enjoyed all the stay, but the change of climate was rather severe and sudden for my system. The daytime was pleasant, but the nights were even cold—so cold as to make ice. But, though everything was kind and pleasant, the desire within to press onward soon stirred afresh.

During the week a party of traders from "Summer Lake," a hundred and twenty-five miles farther east, stopped at the camp to stay over night. These camps, stationed here and there, were the travellers' "hotels" in the far Western wilds. During the short stay of this party, I fell into conversation with one of their number—a young man whose father lived at Summer Lake. He

urged me to go there, saying that I would be kindly received in his home, and offering, as an inducement, the healthful advantages to me. The chief of these, he thought, would be the sulphur springs of that locality, one of which—a warm one—was considered very healthful for bathing. This place seemed held up as another point to be gained in my onward progress, and I felt I must try and gain it. By waiting some two or three weeks, I could have returned with them on their way back, but so eager was I to press on, I felt I must not delay.

The kind-hearted back-woodsman, who kept the camp, and with whom I had been staying, tried to hinder my going alone, insisting on my waiting till I would have company. But my Heavenly Guide was wiser. He had wonderful lessons to teach His child—lessons of trust and faith. How He showed me during the few days that followed, that when His bidding comes to His children, they are not to wait for the strength and wisdom to carry it out, but to go forward, trusting Him for both! It is simply ours to obey.

St. Paul was not, perhaps, in the mind of God, so much the point to be gained, as the spiritual lesson of faith and trust in Him for guidance and strength and protection, for every thing I might

need. The outward point was the incident through which the deep spiritual lesson was to be taught.

The faith and trust with which I had set out on my first journey from Arkansas, had not only been restored to me since my painful wandering from His paths, but they had been greatly strengthened and deepened, else I could never have undertaken what followed during the next few days. And yet, as I sit now, with my Bible open before me, where I have just been reading, "According to your faith be it unto you," I see how small in God's eye was the thing I did. Not a friend I had, would have approved of the step I took, but I "conferred not with flesh and blood." God meant to lead me where my "extremity would be His opportunity" to confer upon me strength or whatever I needed. And what a simple, easy thing it was for Him to do! Would that we might only see that it is His delight to supply our wants! How precious to me has been the lesson I was then to learn, and how it has shaped my whole inner life! I was to go, and I started.

I had made some preparations in the way of a little store of provisions in my valise—the simple supply of a few buttered griddle-cakes. I think it was on the morning of the eighth day after my arrival at the camp, alone, with my valise in hand,

I started on foot to traverse this hundred and twenty-five miles to Summer Lake. I left my friend of the camp pleasantly, though he opposed my going, expressing his fears that I might perish by the way. But I had no fears as I started. He meant all in kindness, but he did not understand the power within that impelled me forward. I was so weak when I started, that, though little was in my valise, I almost reeled with the weight. My one suit included an overcoat. This I threw over my shoulder like a pad, put my valise on a stick, then shouldered that and started to walk over a road but little travelled.

As I started, it was with a light heart, and the farther I went, the stronger my confidence that I had God's approval. Though weak, strength came as I needed it, and I felt growing stronger and stronger. Now and then I would sit down and rest awhile; sometimes, when near water, refreshing myself with a few bits of my simple fare—my griddle-cakes—which I had baked somewhat hard so they would not mash. I have no doubt they were eaten with a relish that is often not enjoyed with richer provisions. And thus I went onward, my heart praising God all the way.

Evening found me a number of miles away from the camp, and I made for myself a camp

under a fir-tree, the branches of which were so dense they formed a good shelter. Under this I made a fire, being provided with matches. I ate my supper, and soon after, with my overcoat for a pillow and my feet to the fire, I lay down and slept, much more sweetly than I have many times done in a nice, soft bed. No thought of danger disturbed me. The very air seemed filled with the presence of God, and I felt so secure in His care that nothing could harm me. In the night I was wakened by heavy thunder, and when I rose and looked around, a heavy storm seemed approaching. The lightning was flashing, and I did not know but I would be drenched with rain, yet even this did not disturb me. I felt so secure that I seemed assured that, even if I got wet, God would save me from harm in this. I was saved. I lay down again and slept, the heavy part of the storm passing round, so that it only "sprinkled" a little there.

I rose in the morning refreshed, and after my breakfast, which was a repetition of the supper, I started onward. I had not gone far till I discovered that it had rained harder there during the night than where I had been, and in the soft earth I saw the prints of Indians' feet, as they seemed to have been leading their ponies, which, I

supposed, they had come out early in the morning to catch. Here was a danger I had not taken into account before I started. I had thought of the bears and wolves, but I had not thought of any danger from Indians, neither did I learn till afterward how hostile they were just then. But a short time before, some travellers over this road, as I afterward learned, were captured. Now, as I stood there, alone, confronted by these fresh tracks, a sudden chill of fear crept over me, and I looked this way and that, to see them, but I saw nothing but the fresh tracks. My fear did not last long. The sweet lesson of the Psalmist was learned while there—"What time I am afraid, I will trust in God." My confidence was restored, I felt God would protect me, and I pressed on.

The young man had directed me how to follow the road, when I would come to the "forks," and I had gone but a little way when I reached the first point where the road divided. I was to turn to the left—to my joy the fresh tracks were made in the one to the right. I was delivered from this danger, and every step took me farther out of its way.

But a new difficulty met me. He had not told me I would have to pass over a number of miles of a kind of desert where there were no springs

or streams of water, else I might have provided against it. But as the day wore on, and I walked in the hot sunshine, I felt I would parch from thirst. It was quite a trial to the flesh. About noon I came to where the road forked again, and here I found a spring where I slaked my thirst. It may not seem so long to wait, as one reads, but to me, with a body not well, it was a weary waiting, and one can have no idea of the suffering from thirst on a long march, unless he has gone through the trial.

At this spring I ate my dinner, which was a repetition of my breakfast, and now I was puzzled. Two roads lay before me, one straight and broad, the other less distinct, and having the appearance of little travel. Which was the right road for me? I asked for guidance. Presently I thought I would take the least distinct one, as perhaps it was a little by-road that would lead out to some camp where I would find some travellers—perhaps it would turn into the main road again. But on I went, over a way in which I could not see far ahead—so like the Christian's pathway. And I, like most Christians in their walk, so wanted to know the way ahead, before I had gone over it. Like they, too, I sometimes thought to turn and go back to the other road, lest I might be wrong.

But something impelled me onward. I could not turn back, I must go on, yet I was suffering again from thirst. From the time I had left the spring I had no more water till toward evening, when I discovered, in a hole by the side of the road, a little "puddle" over which was a green scum. I parted the grass, removed the scum, and, lying down, drank the thick, offensive water, which, from my thirst, was a refreshing draught.

Some time I lay there and rested, occasionally drinking a little, fearing to take too much at a time, lest it might make me sick. At last I rose and went on. But where was I going? I had turned into this road, thinking perhaps it was a little by-way leading out to a retreat where wagons had stopped—perhaps it would turn into the other presently. This latter I thought quite probable, as it seemed to circle in that direction. But I found no travellers, nor did the road strike the main one again. And so I went on. On and on I walked, my feet very weary by this time. At last, almost overcome for want of sleep, finding myself almost dozing, I turned quickly aside, kindled a fire, and threw myself down beside it. How sweetly I slept! waking now and then to replenish my fire. In the morning I woke refreshed, again ate some griddle-cakes and went on.

From the time I left Crescent Lake, I had gradually descended the mountain, going through country somewhat broken ; but now, after walking an hour or so, I came into a plain, which I afterward learned was called Bear Flat. Here I met the first signs of civilization, though in a very uncivilized way. For some little time I had heard the lowing of cattle, and now I came upon a herd of them, turned out for grazing, to fatten. They were fat and sleek, and, I suppose, were not used to having intruders among them. I have sometimes seen a dog in a barn-yard surrounded and attacked by the horned occupants, and I think I know from experience something of his feelings. I may smile at this now, since it is a thing of the past, but I found myself in the midst of danger ere I was aware of it. Cattle turned out thus, get very wild—almost ferocious. What were my feelings of horror, when I saw they were plunging toward me, surrounding me from all sides—one ferocious fellow who seemed to be leading the van, bellowing fiercely as he plunged toward me ! I looked about. There was no weapon of defence at hand, neither stick nor stone. I had nothing to do but cry to God, which I should have done first. He heard. A sense of His presence made me feel secure at once. The cold chills of horror and fright gave place to a quiet calm. A

feeling to stand and brave them succeeded, and, standing thus, waiting as they approached me, I began swinging my satchel over my head and around. The ferocious old sire who was leading, suddenly stopped as if his curiosity was aroused by this strange proceeding. He stood, looking at my movements as if in wonder. Suddenly I made a plunge toward him, with a scream and a flourish of my satchel over my head. When he had stopped, all had stopped, some standing pawing and menacing, but now, as he whirled in sudden fright, all whirled and fled. Surely God is "a very present help in time of trouble."

In about an hour after this adventure, I arrived at a camp where I was received and entertained as a welcome guest. Here I staid over night, resting and feasting. What a contrast to my griddle-cakes which had tasted so sweet when I had nothing better!

The next day a party of surveyors arrived at this camp, and while they ate their dinner near by, I went to them and explained my purpose of going to Summer Lake. They were going in that direction, and at once asked me to ride with them. After they had eaten their dinner, we started, and rode along pleasantly together on their "buck-board," till evening, when we stopped and camped for the night. I helped with the

cooking, and we had a feast of antelope and mountain trout. In addition to their surveying instruments, they had fishing tackle and guns, so that they got fresh supplies of meats daily. The next day I still rode with them till noon, when we arrived at "Silver Lake." Here they were to remain for surveying, and a new way was provided for me.

At Silver Lake was a hut occupied by some men who had taken a tract of land and were living on it. In this hut I slept that night—my first night in a bed for some time. The next morning one of these men was going to start for some point beyond Summer Lake, and having a horse he had intended to lead, he offered me a seat on his back instead, which was a great help to me, as well as an accommodation to him, for it was pleasanter to have me ride the horse than to lead him. We jogged along pleasantly during the day, and arrived at Summer Lake about the middle of the afternoon, where I was received and welcomed by the father of the young man whom I had met at the camp at Crescent Lake. How I saw the Lord's goodness to me! In obedience, without strength, and alone, I had started on this journey. He accepted my obedience, and then provided a way to release me.

CHAPTER VI.

I REACH ST. PAUL.

I REMAINED at this point about two weeks, deriving much benefit from the bathing which has been spoken of, and also from drinking the water, nothing of special note, however, occurring. About eighteen miles farther on, at another point on the lake, lived a very wealthy gentleman. He had large flocks of sheep, and I heard that, once a year, he hauled his wool away to some railroad point. This suggested the thought that I would go and see him in regard to journeying part of the way with him, as I heard he was soon to go. A horse was furnished me for this visit, and I went. He was not only kind and cordial in regard to my accompanying him, but he also asked me to come and remain at his house until he would be ready to go. I returned the horse, got my valise and then walked the eighteen miles back to his home.

Here I remained three weeks, and in all my travels I have never been any place where I was made to feel so at home as there. The stay was delightful. Often in the mornings I was up and

out long before the family, and would return with my game of rabbits, or whatever it might be—sometimes in time to have them for breakfast. I had the use of a horse when I wished it, and often rode over the mountains near by, and from some of the points I could take in a scope of hundreds of miles. These views were grand, and were greatly blessed to me spiritually. First of all, my heart swelled with gratitude and thanksgiving to God for permitting my eyes to behold the glories of His natural creation, and through these beautiful heights and broad views, my soul seemed lifted into those spiritual heights of exaltation in God's love, where a breadth of conception not before seen, is revealed to the soul. On and on He was leading me, into the breadths and lengths and depths and heights, which will ever be revealing new glories.

I have no language to describe the grandeur of the scenery at this place. I have travelled thousands of miles since then, but never have I seen anything that surpassed it. There were marks of wonderful volcanic upheavals—rocks sundered and thrown about, some of them looking as if they had been in flames. Indeed, at a little distance, these rocky mountain-sides looked like the ruins of some city. How could any eye take in the grandeur of

these views, and not bow in acknowledgment of God? Even unbelievers were awed into silence as they looked.

At the end of three weeks, my pleasant stay here terminated. At that time, this gentleman set off with his wool. I accompanied him as far as "Goose Lake," a distance of seventy-five miles. This lake lies partly in Upper California, and partly in Eastern Oregon, and is one of the largest of those many western lakes. Here my friend left his wool in charge for safe keeping till he should come again, and then returned home with some lumber for building purposes, which was needed at once. Thus I was left again, but seventy-five miles farther on my way.

Nor was I left alone. A man lived here whom I had once met near Eugene City, and with whom I had gone a few miles in company with others, who were driving a flock of sheep over the mountains. Before I left him to return home, the probability of my coming that way some time, was spoken of, and I had promised to hunt him up if I should come. Now I inquired for him and found him. I was received with gladness, and, as he was busy threshing wheat, I was employed at once, and paid a man's wages, although I was not able to perform a man's work. Very soon it

was seen this work was too heavy for me, and I was given lighter work at smaller wages.

I cannot pass over this part of my story without comparing this journey with my first one from Arkansas to St. Paul. It will be remembered how the hearts of all I met were opened, not only to receive me, but to help me on in my journey. Nothing but love and kindness did I receive from any. Then came the painful contrasts of my rebuffs and disappointments and sufferings when I got out of God's order in my return to Arkansas, and my journey to California. But now, weak and alone, I had started again, trusting in God and determined to follow His guidance and do His bidding. Deeper and more constant was the peace He had given me in this, than any I had ever known. Not the slightest desire to go back came to harass me. I seemed borne onward by an unseen but ever present Power. No difficulties loomed up before me, that I felt I had not power to surmount. Something seemed constantly urging me forward and onward, and my heart was kept in perfect peace. And so, like my first journey, was much of the experience of this one. Now as then, everyone's heart seemed open to me. Even the rough back-woodsmen were gentle and kind, and all seemed willing and anxious to help me.

So, in this way, my stay at Goose Lake was gladdened and made happy. I remained there between two and three weeks, earning eighteen dollars during my stay, besides having a delightful time. Within doors we had the music of song, accompanied by guitar, to cheer and make glad. Here again, I clambered and rode over the mountains, enjoying the grandeur and drinking in the pure air. A Baptist minister whom I met, asked me to come to his home and stay as long as I chose. But a voice within began again to urge me onward.

Fifteen or twenty miles from this lake was Fort Bidwell. This was the point I next felt I must reach. The friends with whom I had been staying, opposed my starting alone, urging that, if I would wait, I would have an opportunity to ride in some wagon. But "now," "to-day" seemed the words that were pointing out God's time to me and urging me onward; and in obedience to these, again I started on foot, with valise in hand.

Between this place and "Surprise Valley," where Fort Bidwell was located, was a sharp, steep, but narrow ridge of mountains. Over this ridge I had to clamber. My heart had troubled me heretofore, but now, the steep, rugged ascent seemed almost to overcome me, and when I had

nearly reached the top I was taken with a severe attack of palpitation. The air was so light, too, it seemed difficult to breathe, and I sank down, feeling that perhaps my last hour had come. Like a flash, my departure from home and my journey just past, swept before me, but no condemnation fell on my heart. I felt I had walked in God's order, and my soul was at peace. Of course, my cry went up to Him, but I felt perfectly willing to go, then and there, should He will it. When I had rested, strength and courage came afresh and I pressed onward. The summit was reached at last, and I began to descend toward the valley, where I saw the fort and some houses. Soon, like a wall, this ridge lay between me and the point from which I had started, on the other side. So in our Christian walk; when difficulties are surmounted, a wall of separation seems to have risen between the peace gained and the point from which we started towards it; thus shutting us away from the past.

In Surprise Valley there was quite a village of cabins, as well as the fort, and here I found a "hotel," where I spent two or three days very pleasantly, till I was well rested from my hard walk over the mountain. Again the Lord opened hearts to receive me, and nothing was charged

for this stay. Reno, in Nevada, was the nearest railroad point, and that lay some two hundred and twenty-five miles farther on. But this I must reach. Twenty-five miles from Fort Bidwell was another village, and I was told that at this point, I would have opportunity to ride in some of the wagons that went to Reno, to take their grain and get their supplies of groceries. After spending two or three days, as I have said, resting, I had an opportunity to ride most of the way to this next village. The man with whom I went, left me at a house near to it. There I staid over night, receiving kindness, for which no pay would be taken in turn, and the next morning, a short walk brought me to the village.

Now my object was to learn of some wagon going to Reno. Again the Lord made a way for me. I met with an old, grey-haired man, who, when he learned my wish, told me that, in a few days a friend of his would start for Reno, and if I would, I could come and stay at his house in the meantime. This I did, helping with the work during my stay. But I had quite a trial there. The old gentleman was addicted to drink, and when in his intoxication he saw me reading my Testament, he went into a passion of anger against religion and Christians, saying that if he had

known this he would not have taken me in. He pronounced them all hypocrites. The Lord taught me to stay my tongue in silence, and so I was not only kept from making any replies that might have enraged him more, but my heart was filled with prayer for him, and I was kept in peace. The charm of the Lord's peace was not without its effect upon him, and before I left he volunteered some advice which he meant in kindness for my protection, though it was strange advice. He said the man with whom I was going to ride, was opposed to religion too, and I had better not let him see me reading my Testament, else he might set me out of his wagon and leave me on the way. He thought it would not be best to tell him I was a Christian. I replied that it would perhaps do no good for me to tell him what I was, but I wanted him to see for himself, and then he could do what he chose. When the time came for us to start, he had me supplied with some nice provisions, and, in company with his friend, again I resumed my journey. We were six days on the way to Reno, during which time we passed over a variety of country, though much of it was sandy desert, in which were hot springs. My companion was very kind and seemed glad of my company; and not only could I read my Testament in his presence,

but I could converse with him also of some of its sweet truths.

When we arrived at Reno, he wanted to take me to a hotel, but I was so thankful to him for bringing me over these two hundred miles, that I did not want to accept any more from him. "Gifts destroy the heart." While he remained there, I slept in his wagon to avoid expense, but I could not accept his hospitality at the hotel.

At Reno I got a situation with the keeper of a restaurant, and here I remained a little more than a month. At the end of that time, I had saved about forty dollars, including my profits at Goose Lake. But this money became something of a snare to me. I soon came to look to that rather than to God, to arrange for the rest of my journey. In order to save it, I had deprived myself of many things of which I stood in need, thus betraying a want of implicit trust; and being thus in need of a severe lesson, I had opportunity afforded to learn it. My health had relapsed, and I was unable to go on with my work. I felt I had tarried here long enough, and must now press on. I had not quite enough to pay my fare to Omaha, and instead of buying a ticket as far as I could on the way, I went to the superintendent of the road, to see if I could get a ticket at some

reduction. I failed to do so. My next misstep was to yield to the solicitation of one who said he could secure it for me, and I put my money into his hands that he might do so. Instead of buying my ticket, he robbed me of my money, and I was left with but a dollar or two. I had relied upon man, and was foiled.

This was a severe trial, but it turned my eyes anew to the Lord, seeing that He only should guide. Of the evil results of these missteps, I will speak farther on. Finally, an arrangement was made with a conductor, by which I was allowed to help with some of the work on the train, thus securing my fare to Ogden City, where I remained three weeks, getting a situation and working all the time I was there. From there I went to Evanston, Wyoming, where I remained a month at work, and from there I pressed on to Omaha. I had cried anew to the Lord, and He helped me, opening the hearts of entire strangers to me, as I rode on the trains; and frequently inclining their hearts to assist me. At Omaha I remained a few days, and then walked over the river on the ice. At the transfer-house between Council Bluffs and the river, I got a situation where I remained some time, and afterwards I had employment in Council Bluffs, where I remained till the early part of April.

And, while recording outer things, I do not wish to lose sight of the more important inner leadings of the Lord. In looking back now, I see where I failed to look to His guidance only, but I see, too, how sweetly He followed and cared for me, helping me and opening ways and avenues by which I was enabled to have work and thus supply my own wants; but I see, too, that whenever there came a danger of my relying on myself rather than on Him, He took away my props, and I found myself in a helpless attitude where I had to look to Him wholly.

Early in April I made my way on to Clinton, on the Mississippi River, and there got a situation on a boat that ran between Fulton and Burlington. I remained on this several weeks. From that vessel I got a transfer of situation to another that ran to St. Paul, and soon my destination was reached.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFE MORE ABUNDANT.

IT would be natural to suppose, that, my destination being reached, only feelings of joy and gladness would find place in my heart. Not so. My first experience when there, was an inner sifting. My misstep at Reno in regard to the money I hoarded and relied on so much, had left a shadow on my heart that Satan now took advantage of to tantalize me. If I had not been so grasping, and had not tried to accomplish too much with the few dollars, I could have paid my fare to some point well on the way, and then have stopped, as I had to do any way, and worked for awhile, should the Lord so have led. But in grasping, I lost the money, and then made arrangements for work on the train with those employed rather than with those really in authority. And while I felt that I had worked to pay my way, yet I knew that the work had not been given by those who were really in power on the roads over which I had passed ; and I felt that my acceptance of the work I had done on the trains, had brought

me into a feeling of bondage, and what was worse still, had placed those who had employed me in situations where they might be reprimanded or discharged for their act toward me. Not that I had any reason to believe that any of them ever had any trouble on my account; but the principle was the same.

I feel that I must tell the shadows as well as the joys, else there is no joy in telling any. My missteps must be recorded as well as the steps of obedience. And all the way on from Reno, where I had taken my first misstep in lusting after a few paltry dollars, which, though little in themselves, seemed much to me then, I had carried a shadow on my heart because of this greed. My peace had been marred, and I must suffer the consequences of my own misdoing.

Neither could I be at peace in regard to the manner in which much of my way had been paid, though I knew I had worked for it. But how much freer I would have felt if I had obtained the work from those in authority! I had carried this shadow all the way from Reno, during the past months, yet the Lord had not forsaken me. He had helped me and cared for me, always answering when I called, and opening the hearts of others to me. But now, arrived at St. Paul,

I had time to look back and think, and He began to show me the necessity of a still deeper work within.

In a sense, there was a peace, deep down in my heart, that had not been disturbed, and I had no fear; but a shadow had fallen, and in looking back, while I knew I had intended to act honestly, yet there was an appearance in the transaction which I did not like, and which made me feel like concealing from others any account of this trip from Reno, lest they might think I had not been wholly honest, and thus reproach be brought to the name of Christ. The Lord taught me a wonderful lesson, and never, from that day to this, have I accepted a favor in travelling, except from those really in authority—not even the favor of employment!

It was not till after some months that this shadow was wholly lifted from my heart. Satan tried to tempt me that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost, and this drove me to search the Scriptures more earnestly than ever before, to see if this were indeed true. The Lord heard and answered, and gave me proof from His own Written Word that this was not true, and again my heart found peace and rest. Before this time I was living more from the promptings and

impressions within. Now I was searching into the Written Word, and drinking in its truths also in a way I had not done before, and the confirmation of the two witnesses made my peace deeper and sweeter.

During the next three years many incidents of the Lord's leading occurred, that I should love to linger and relate; but my story may become tedious, and I want to hasten on to the event of my sojourn there—I might say to the event of my life. I will only pass briefly over these three years. I soon found employment after my arrival in St. Paul, and though from time to time my work was changed, yet I always had plenty to do. In the summers I went to the country, finding that working in the open air was much better for my health. In the fall, I went back into town. I had been kindly received by those whose acquaintance I had made when there before, and the secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was my special friend, as he had been when I was first there. He had given me a Testament which I had always carried with me, and now on my return, when I showed him this, and told him how I had kept it with me, he seemed gladdened and quickened in his good work, and more drawn to me.

My renewed religious associations here were delightful to me beyond measure. For a year, almost, I had been deprived of opportunity to mingle with Christian people. Now I not only availed myself of the opportunity, but I united myself with them during the following winter. I was partly induced to do this through an elderly lady whose acquaintance I made, and who took a great interest in my spiritual welfare. Not only did she prompt and quicken and advise me in regard to my outer life and observances of religious requirements, but she began to press upon me the necessity of a deeper work in my own heart, bringing before me, for the first time in my life, the subject of the baptism of Christ. Heretofore I "had known only the baptism of John, for the remission of sins." She seemed to see and understand my need of inward purity, and began to place in my hands numbers of the "Advocate of Holiness." As I read in these monthlies the accounts of wonderful and precious experiences, I thought they were rich and glorious, but it did not seem anything like that could be for me. I could not understand them. I could not see through them, and I thought that experiences like those would so unfit one for the world and the business of life that he would starve.

Still, as I read, and as this good Christian lady talked to me from time to time, my heart became more and more hungry for this precious gift of the Baptism of the Spirit. There was no condemnation as there had been when I first came to God for the pardon of my sins. But here was a rich inheritance I had not taken possession of. I wanted perfect liberty in Christ, and now I saw that there had always been bondage, to a great degree, in my service of the Lord. Many times I was controlled by a fear to do wrong, rather than a joyous love to do right. Even in my reading the Scriptures there had been bondage, and while I had read them with more and more interest, yet there was a sense of "duty" in much of my reading, and, to a great degree, the Bible was a sealed book to me—I might say almost wholly, so far as its inner spiritual meaning was concerned. And so my hungering for heart-purity increased, my sense of need being fetters felt, rather than anything else I can call it. I felt in bondage, and I wanted liberty. I felt, too, that if this was the Lord calling me to a fuller surrender to Him, so that He could use me more entirely in His service, I must answer the call.

When almost three years had elapsed after my return, "a camp-meeting for the promotion of

Holiness" was held about nine miles from St. Paul. To this, the lady of whom I have spoken, urged me to go. My first thought was, how could I leave my employment? I might lose my situation if I did so. How busy is Satan with devices to hinder those who would press nearer to the Lord! But I did not heed his suggestions. I determined to go, and trust all to the Lord. I did not wish to be a burden to any at the camp, but felt I must go; so I left my employment and went.

When I got there, I found that I was acquainted with the keeper of one of the eating tents, and was at once employed to help him. This gave me something to do by which I was not only provided with my own boarding, but I was paid four dollars a week in addition. "The Lord is always better to us than our fears."

My services occupied only part of my time, so I had opportunity to attend many of the meetings. Indeed, it was a delight to serve, and as the good Christian people gathered round the tables and I helped to wait upon them, in my frame of mind at that time, it seemed to me almost like a holy sacrament.

But my heart-hungering increased. I went to the meetings, and knelt at different times to

express my desire for prayer, but my burden only seemed to increase. I found there was bondage even in this. I was in bondage to helps, and this must be broken. The meeting had begun on a Wednesday. For three days I had been seeking, my feelings all seeming to resolve themselves into one desire for freedom from bondage. I think I appreciate what it is to long for the "opening of the prison to them that are bound." For three days this longing for liberty in Christ had led me to comply with all the requirements that were presented to those seeking. Then I began to feel bondage to these, and a desire to get away alone, took possession of me. It was Saturday, and just a little while before the hour for service, impelled by this desire, I wandered off in the grove alone.

During the time I spent there alone with God, I went through a heart-searching such as I had never experienced. Always before when I had come to God for any special work, it was in some hour of sickness or trial. But now I was in no outward trial, and my health was much better than before. Now I was drawn, rather than driven, to God. But sitting there alone in the grove, the Lord revealing myself and my needs to myself, there began to pass before me, not only the

sufferings of Christ in His crucifixion, but also the sufferings of the disciples and the many martyrs who had lost their lives for Christ's sake. But in all this review, there came no terror to me, and in my heart I felt that I could and would if called upon, be willing to suffer death at the stake for Christ's sake. And so, as one thing after another came into my mind, where there was any question of surrender, I simply let it go upon the altar. I did not realize then that this was what we so frequently hear called "consecration." I was simply yielding all to God. As the array passed before me, all was submitted, and with the submission, all rasping doubt and desire fled, and a deep assurance that this Baptism would be mine, brought rest to my spirit.

In this restful frame, I went back to the meeting, and took my seat at one side near the stand, where I leaned back against a tree. My rest seemed complete! I knew this Blessing would be mine, and I was simply waiting. I had heard Rev. Wm. McDonald preach several times during the three days I had been there, and his sermons had been wonderful helps to me in the heart-searching I had been going through. Now, as I sat there leaning back, some one else was speaking from the stand. I did not hear much of the sermon—I was

absorbed with the inner communings. But, by and by, my attention was attracted by the word "willingness," and, listening, I saw that the speaker was magnifying God's willingness to bless all that would come to Him for any good thing. This was the key-note that unlocked the door of my heart. I saw it all. The door was thrown open—God was willing, and the glory began to pour in. How great the bliss of that hour! Can I describe it? At my conversion you will remember, I seemed to realize a spout of water that poured out from some unseen source, and descended toward me till it fell into my heart. Now, the appearance was not that of a stream falling upon some particular part, but a flood falling upon and enveloping my whole being. I seemed wholly immersed in it, and it appeared to flow into me. Into every avenue of my whole being, its tide seemed to flow. I felt it in every fibre. So wholly was I absorbed that I lost sight of surroundings and people. I had always been very "proper" so far as outward demonstrations were concerned, but now, with laughter and tears of joy I began to give utterance to the delight of my soul. People were nothing to me in that hour. God was all. My whole frame shook. I had so longed for freedom from bondage, and to me this shaking seemed like the breaking

of every fetter. I was free—free in Christ as I had never been before.

There was nothing like a loss of consciousness—on the contrary every thing appeared more real to me, and while my whole frame shook, and I gave audible expression to my delight,—yet there was a freedom from all excitement, and a feeling of deep, inner quiet, that was beyond anything I had ever known. I was simply filled and surrounded. Persons immediately around me looked on, seemingly in wonder, but I had no opportunity that evening to tell to any of the Christian people, this sweet experience that had come to me.

The meeting broke up, but I could not retire. Alone, I remained out a long time in the grove, praising God, and feeling as if I could wake the whole camp. How light I felt, and as free as air! I must speak to some one about it, and as I was shut off from opportunity to tell it to the Christians, I went to the unconverted. There were two colored cooks in the eating tent where I helped, and I went and told them. They were not Christians, but they were deeply interested and sweetly affected as I told them. Then I went to the proprietor of this tent, who had employed me. He had been so kind to me—seeming to prefer to give me opportunity to attend the meetings rather

than to attend himself. Now when I told him the good news, he was overcome, and sat back scarcely able to say a word, and in his joy over me his own heart was opened, and a rich Baptism came upon him.

During the days that followed I told the glad tidings as I had opportunity, but how wily the tempter is, even in using the voice of Christians to suggest doubts! One and another would say to me, "Now if you can only keep it—if you can only remain in this state!" How sweetly, by contrast, come back to me the cheery words of Brother McDonald, when he said to me, after hearing my story, "Go on your way rejoicing."

Indeed, I could do nothing but rejoice. I felt strong in the Lord. It was His strength. It seemed to me, if the whole world should be against me, it would matter not, if He was for me. As I looked back to the time of my conversion, I saw the stream of life that had come to me, as a little rill; now, it was a great, broad river, and I was borne on its bosom. It was the peace that flowed as a river, widening and deepening. And I was content.

CHAPTER VIII.

“GO FORWARD.”

THE event recorded in the preceding chapter occurred in the summer of 1877—three years after my return to St. Paul—almost a year and a half prior to the time of the present writing. It seemed the life and light of a new world had opened before me. Not only was all changed within, but I looked out upon a new world of beauty. Friends took a new interest in me, and one and another began to suggest that I should study and prepare myself for the ministry. If this was God’s will I was ready to submit myself to it, but I wanted to see the manifestation of His will.

Rev’ds McDonald and Wood continued the meeting, I think, eight days. After that I went to Minneapolis, to attend the meetings which they held there. These were precious seasons to me—seasons of much profit. When the meeting at Minneapolis had concluded, I returned to St. Paul, and now, as I said, friends began to manifest a new interest in me, a number advising that I would devote myself to study. One good

brother offered me the use of a room in his house, free of charge, and books were supplied for me to study. I accepted the use of the room, but only for a short time. The Lord had other plans for me.

From this room there was an ascent through which I could go out on the roof of the house; and here, in the silent night I would go, and looking over the city as it lay in the stillness and quiet, then up in the blue dome with its myriads of stars, I would commune with Him who was now, indeed, my Life and my Light. The sweetness of these communings I cannot relate. I felt lifted nearer and nearer to God, and it was here that He again gave me a command to “Go forward.”

I had been confining myself rather closely to business for some time before the meetings, and I was made to feel in my system that this was not the best thing for me, physically. A conviction came in, too, that the grand object for which I had been brought to St. Paul was now accomplished, and I was not only at liberty to go, but was commanded to go. The impelling force within was imperative, as it always had been in the commands that came to me. I was now cut loose from St. Paul, just as I had been from home and friends before.

But where was I to go, and how? I was without money, except as I had been able to earn my support. Out in the starlight, on the house-top the question was solved for me. As I looked, the world seemed mapped out before me. I saw it traced and checkered with its rivers and lakes, its gulfs and oceans, and its many-threaded lines of railroads. And the Lord said, "Go, and even though I should make your lines of travel as many as these you see, I will make a way for you." I saw I was to go, whether for a long or short journey I did not know now, but I was to go. Having started, the Lord would direct the steps. Not a doubt did I have of my ability, through God, to perform that which He should require of me, and, in the obedience of my spirit, I had all the joy of these things accomplished, in the assurance given me beforehand.

The suggestion of an education and preparation for the ministry was so urged upon me, that I thought this was the one thing first to be solved for me, and, in going eastward, as I felt impelled to do, I concluded to stop at Evanston college, near Chicago, and see what the Lord's will was concerning my stay there. This college had been recommended, and if it were the Lord's will, I was entirely willing to stop there and try to get a

situation where I could work for my board and attend the school.

But how was I to get there? I had no money to defray expenses, but the Lord had given me precious assurances that His presence should go with me. I had no doubt He would provide His own way. Duluth, on Lake Superior, was the point suggested to my mind as the first one to be gained. Once there, I felt sure I could get an opportunity to work my passage on a vessel. I spoke to a friend about it, an elderly lady, saying to her that I was willing to walk to Duluth, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. She smiled and said she thought there was no necessity for that. She was personally acquainted with the superintendent of the railroad, and would have no difficulty in getting me a pass. This proved true. In a few days I was not only furnished with the pass, but was on my way to Duluth. I loved St. Paul—loved the kind friends the Lord had given me there, and the precious associations of the place; but it was with a feeling of joy even, that I left all, feeling so sure it was God's will. They laughed in unbelief, just as my dear home-friends had done on my leaving home, when I told them I thought I might never return to St. Paul.

For some distance after I left, the road lay along a gradual ascent, and as I looked back on the city and the surrounding country, and thought of the loved ones, the sweet associations and the rich blessings that had accompanied my two sojourns there, tears filled my eyes, and there were mingled emotions of sorrow. But the "go forward" that was impelling me from within, was stronger than the ties I was leaving behind, and the joy in my heart overleaped everything else.

After some distance of travel, the road began to descend. The waters of the Mississippi we had passed as they flowed southward. Now we came upon streams flowing in the exactly opposite direction, toward the lake. It was in the heat of summer, and everything about St. Paul was parched and dry, when I left. Now, as in our descent we neared the cool waters of the lake, everything began to look green and fresh, and a delightful breeze greeted us. Through my whole being it thrilled with delight, speaking to me, as it did, of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord." I seemed wafted along, light as a feather, glad of heart. I was without purse or scrip, but had not a care. The Lord Himself seemed the director of this journey.

Arrived at Duluth, I at once sought out a lady, an acquaintance of a gentleman I knew in St.

Paul. He had asked me to call and see her. I was received as a friend and nothing was spared to make my short stay there pleasant. She sent out at once for her son to come and entertain me, and the time was delightfully spent until the next day in the afternoon. She was an earnest Christian, and gave me much good counsel while I was there. The next day after my arrival, her son went with me to see the steward of a vessel which lay at the dock, and which was soon to start for Buffalo. Without any hesitation, arrangements were made for me to go to work on the vessel. I returned to the house for the things I had left there, and, coming back, was soon at my new post on board.

As I look back now over the record of my life from the time of my conversion, how beautifully and wonderfully I see the Lord's hand leading and guiding and shaping the daily detail of my life, as I submitted it to Him, never failing to open up avenues and ways for me, and even when I stepped out of His order, and sometimes took the guidance of events into my own hands, I see how patiently He bore with me, and how He overruled all to teach me some lesson of good. The next day after I had assumed the duties on board, the vessel sailed, and we were out on the water, onward bound. The experiences of the few days that followed,

were simply delightful to me. Every thing outward seemed in such harmony with my inward state of peace and tranquility! We had no storm—nothing to mar the smooth sailing as the vessel swept with rapid haste over the clear, cold water of the lake. The sky was serene and cloudless. All was peace. What a delightful sense of liberty—the one thing I had so longed for! My spirit was like a bird whose prison bars had been broken, and out in the pure air of God's love I wandered in glad freedom.

The passengers on board were chiefly a party of summer pleasure-seekers from Columbus, Ohio, who were making the round trip of the lakes for enjoyment. They were pleasant people, and out on the water we seemed a little world to ourselves, and all to seek the happiness of others. Caste and conventionalities did not hinder freedom of manner, and though my position was the humble one of serving, yet these pleasant people lost sight of that, and talked to me with sweet, pleasant freedom. I felt it was the Lord opening the hearts of others, as He had so often done, to receive me. We made a number of stops on the way, the chief ones being at Marquette, Detroit and Cleveland. The middle of the next week we arrived at Buffalo. I had become so attached to the vessel that it really

seemed harder for me to leave it than it had done to leave St. Paul. The steward who had employed me wished me to return with him, but I did not feel at liberty to do so. His heart had been opened to me from the beginning, and his kindness had been marked. Now I must leave him. He kindly went with me to see the chief steward of another vessel, going to Chicago, and a position was secured for me on that vessel. Soon we started, and in a few days arrived at Chicago. And now, the college question which had been pressed upon me, was soon settled for me. Coming, as I did, from the clear, healthful atmosphere of Minnesota and the lakes, I felt most keenly the change of climate, and through this contrast the Lord showed me that it was not in His mind and order for me to be confined in it there by any trammels. He had given me freedom which I had longed for, and had then mapped out for me a checkered line of travel, impressing upon me that He would have me serve Him in His own way, and He would lead me through such discipline as He saw best. I saw I was not to remain there, and so the same vessel that took me from Buffalo to Chicago, brought me back.

This decision was not reached, however, without some trial to me. I received from a Christian

friend in St. Paul a letter of kindness and encouragement to go on in the way that had been suggested, and in the letter the remark was made that it was "a wonderful thing to be a chosen minister of God." I knew that the friends there were all expecting this of me, and it would be a sore disappointment to them if I did not study for the ministry. Yet, from the beginning, there had been an inner, almost unrecognized recoiling from that which seemed urged upon me as a kind of honor. I saw I was to serve the Lord, but I was made to see that it must be in His own way. My sympathies went out toward them, I saw their disappointment, and it caused me keen sorrow. When I returned to Buffalo I went through a deep, inner conflict on account of it. But in secret I laid the whole matter before God, and soon the conflict ceased. It was speedily revealed to me that I must cut loose from all but God. I must be in no bondage to ties of friendship and love. He was to lead me in His own way, marking out the path He would choose. We are not to serve as "men-pleasers," but ever as unto the Lord alone. And yet, how difficult it is to be wholly free from trammels in this direction.

CHAPTER IX.

TO ENGLAND.

WHILE in St. Paul I made the acquaintance of a young man from near Boston, England, and we were quite good friends. He had since returned to his home, and, before going, had given me a cordial invitation, should I ever come to that country, to come and see him. He had little thought, perhaps, at the time, that he would ever see me there, though he was sincere in his proffered hospitality. Afterward, when the Lord mapped out for me my intricate line of travel, the conviction came into my mind that a part of this travel would take me to England. The last Sabbath that I was in St. Paul, I heard a sermon from a minister, not only from that country, but from the very neighborhood where this young man lived. I was so confident I would go there some time, that I got from him the address of my young friend, with whom he also was acquainted. Here, again, my friends laughed at my idea, just as the home friends had first done in regard to my leaving home. But I was learning

more and more, to recognize the voice of the Lord when He called, and I was more and more willing to say, "Here am I, speak, for thy servant heareth." And so the conviction had remained undisturbed in my mind. Now, returned to Buffalo from Chicago, the question of my going to school there having been settled for me, the conviction in regard to this foreign trip renewed its force in my mind. This appeared the time for me to go; but how was I to do it? I sought the Lord in prayer, asking Him to show the way. I had felt if I could only reach St. Catherines, Canada, where I could make connection with a direct line of ocean steamers, I could make arrangements to work my way on a vessel. But how could I reach that point, when I had no money? In prayer, as I asked the Lord, all at once the thought of my trunk was suggested to me as being an article which I not only did not need, but which was really in my way. I accepted the thought, and going to the steward who had proved so kind a friend on the vessel over the lakes, I proposed to sell it to him, asking him not what it had cost me, but quite a fair price. He bought it without hesitation, and I was thus enabled to supply myself with a valise, which was more convenient for me, and also pay my fare to St.

Catherines. I was soon on my way, stopping a short time at Niagara Falls to look upon this wonderful work of an Omnipotent hand, and through its lessons to have my conceptions of the Infinite enlarged, and my trust in Him deepened. Each step of my way, I was learning lessons, and my adoration of Him was quickened. I need not linger here. Those who have seen will perhaps have some idea of the lessons to my soul.

When I arrived at St. Catherines, I had money enough left to pay for my supper and a night's lodging, but nothing more. But so confident was I that all would be well, and my Father's hand would provide, that I slept without a care. "Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

The next morning I rose refreshed, and again my cry went up to God, that He would show me the next step of my way. Clear and distinct came the suggestion, "You have no need of that beautiful photograph album, and the scarf you do not wear; sell them—it will lighten your valise, and they are only spoiling by your carrying them." I had taken lodging at a good, plain boarding house, and the lady was very kind. When I had eaten my breakfast, I took from my valise these articles, saying to her they were in my way and I

would like to sell them. She admired the album, and said she had been wanting one, and so I was not long in selling her both these articles. Thus, again, I was provided with food and shelter, and when the three days expired, for which I had to wait for a steamer, my bill was not only paid, but I had a little money left.

I had arrived at St. Catherines on Friday, and on the following Monday a vessel arrived from Montreal. I looked at it as it plowed its way in through the water, and the assurance was given me that all would be well. So confident was I, that the thought came to my mind, "if it is God's will that I should go on that vessel, arrangements will be made in spite of all opposition."

I went to the owner himself, to make arrangements with him for work on the vessel. He had the name of being rather an austere, unyielding man, but the Lord can incline the hearts of men, and He certainly opened the heart of this one to me. When I asked him for work, he surveyed me from head to foot, in astonishment, impressed, I suppose, with my frail appearance. After a little time he replied, "Why you are not fit to work—you are not able to do it." Here let me remark that the Canadians, with their vigorous, robust health, have a very poor opinion of the

physical merits of the people of the states. I told him I thought I could work, but he insisted that I was not able; but I could go on his vessel to Montreal, and welcome. He himself arranged with the clerk, giving orders for comfortable and careful provision for me in every way, as I was not well. Here was the Lord's hand again. He recognized my willingness to serve, but, instead of accepting it, He provided me with first class passage over these four hundred miles to Montreal, and raised up friends who bestowed much kindness upon me, thus making the journey one of delight. How I enjoyed the scenery on the beautiful St. Lawrence! All was beautiful, within and without. "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He will bring it to pass." "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." The one lesson of my whole life, thus far has been, trust God.

On Thursday morning we arrived at Montreal, and my first step was to make my way to the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. This has been my habit when in a strange place, ever since I first went to St. Paul. I made the acquaintance of the secretary, who was much interested in my

expressed purpose of a sea voyage, and how I felt impelled to make it, and he invited me to come to the rooms on a certain day, and I would meet there the captain of a vessel that sailed from Montreal to Glasgow. This person, he informed me, was a minister as well as a captain of a vessel. I went on the day appointed, and when I had laid my wishes before him, he replied, with an air of deep interest, "There is no telling what this will lead to." These were simple words, but there was much in them and the manner in which they were uttered, to strengthen and encourage my heart. I expressed my desire for work, and he lent his influence to help me obtain it. The labor to be performed this time was harder than any that had been required of me before, and the only question asked me was, one which was repeated, if I thought I would have strength for the duties. Something from within responded, "Yes; my strength as well as my grace is sufficient for thee." Thus assured, I replied in the affirmative, and during the voyage, this assurance was so verified to me that I not only had strength for all my duties, which, part of the time required me to be up much at night, but I was also saved from any sea-sickness, while many, even strong men, suffered much from it

I had arrived at Montreal on Thursday, and on the following Tuesday, in the month of September, 1877, the vessel sailed. This was the first vessel that sailed after my arrival there. Thus no time was lost. The object of the record of these pages is, not only to magnify the Lord for the wonderful work wrought in the heart by His own Holy Spirit, but also to show how the daily detail of a life is guided and blessed by His hand, when it is committed to Him. Not only did I feel that He was directing my natural steps, but He was crowning my life with loving-kindness. He had led me to Montreal just at the proper time for me to sail in a vessel that had a Christian captain. Out on the voyage, He gave me strength for work, and, in addition, delightful and hallowed seasons ever to be remembered. This good captain had some kind of services in the cabin, not only on the Sabbath, but almost every evening. These varied. Sometimes it was a prayer-meeting, sometimes an experience meeting, or a sermon. As many as could come in were always invited to be present. Indeed, our vessel seemed like a floating Bethel. My heart was kept in peace, and filled with praises.

And so the voyage passed pleasantly by, and at the end of fifteen days we arrived at Glasgow, and

the ocean lay between me and my native land. Sorrow had touched my heart on leaving it, as I looked back and the shores of Newfoundland had receded from my view—sorrow as I thought of loved ones left behind, whom I might not see again—sorrow as I thought of myself, a stranger in a strange land, young and not strong. But deeper than the sorrow had been my trust in God, and my confidence that I was doing His will. This trust and confidence had soon dried my tears and comforted my heart, and my peace flowed on.

As we had neared the shores, and places of note and interest were pointed out to me, I drank it all in with the joy of one who has a heart at rest. The voyage had been a pleasant one, but as the green shores lay in view, what a gladness it was to look on them! I was surprised at their verdure, exceeding even that of Oregon, which is remarkable. But the appearance was so different, in every way, from America, that every thing, even the shores, spoke of the distance from home, telling that, many miles away, lay all I had ever looked on before. The presence of God in my soul remained unchangeable.

But now we were at Glasgow. I had not only paid my passage on board the vessel, but had received some pay in addition, so that I had a

little money to take me farther on. Quite unexpectedly a kindly hospitality was extended to me. I had remained on board over night, and in the morning, one of the men of the vessel, who lived in Glasgow, and who had manifested much kindness to me on the voyage, went to his home and returned for me, asking me to come with him and enjoy a warm breakfast that was awaiting me. The enjoyment of the breakfast extended itself into the enjoyment of two or three days, during which time I had opportunity to see the city of Glasgow. At the end of that time, not content with having entertained the young American, who was away from home, he accompanied me as I went to take the train for Edinburgh, insisting on my accepting some money as we parted.

Time would fail me to recount the many instances where the Lord has raised up friends to manifest kindness of this sort to me, and in the majority of cases, at such time as my need was not known. Sometimes persons have had opportunity when they could not help inferring my needs, but, seldom have I been suffered to speak of my situation until the trial was past and the provision had come. Even when I had suffered hunger, my cry had been unto God alone, and not to man. And even now, I could not have a record of these

things written, were it not to show how the Lord does supply the needs of those who trust in Him. We are to look to Him in all things, never fearing to do His bidding because we do not see the way it is to be carried out.

Arrived at Edinburgh, I proceeded to the steamer that was to take me to Hull in England. Judge of my surprise when I saw the steamer sitting in the mud. Of course, the appearance was absurd to me, but I knew the approaching tide would make our passage out all right. Some twenty-four hours brought us to Hull. I hastened on my journey, and in two days from the time I left Glasgow, I arrived at my friend's home, the point for which I had started from Buffalo but a few weeks before. As I look back at it now, the guiding hand of God seems more wonderful than it did at the time, as the events were transpiring. Indeed, this is ever the case in Christian experience. As we look back and take in a broad view, we see the whole panorama before us, and the hand of the Divine Artist who sketched it, is more manifest than when we were looking at detached details as they transpired. I looked back, and saw all, and here I was, the point gained.

The surprise of my friend was great, as he knew nothing of my coming, and as he looked, and saw

me at the gate, astonishment wrote itself on his face. He lived with his grandparents, and their kindness to me was almost as if I had been received as another grandchild. I love to think of the pleasures of the few days I spent there, but I have not time to dwell here, on the joys the Lord provided for me. Here and there He gave me "times of refreshing," then pressed me forward. It was so in this case.

I could not remain long and accept hospitality, no matter how pleasant it was, nor how free. Besides, the impelling voice within seemed urging me onward. I must reach London. My friend took me in private conveyance to Boston, the nearest town, and there I purchased a ticket to Peterborough, having just a sixpence left. When I arrived there, I inquired for a cheap, clean lodging-house, and was directed to one where the fare over night was a shilling. I had but sixpence, but I knew I had plenty in my valise to secure me from any trouble, and I felt all would be arranged, so I went to bed and slept as sweetly as if I had had a pocket full of money. Why should I not? I knew the Lord had the resources of the universe at His command, and at Boston I had been forcibly reminded of the widow's cruse of oil. And so I slept. The next morning, when I went to pay, what was my surprise when I was charged

a sixpence, the exact amount of money I had in my pocket! They could not possibly have known this.

Next, I went to a minister, thinking, perhaps through him I could learn of some way by which I could find employment. I was told that he could do nothing for me unless I had a church letter to show him, by way of assurance. I will not dwell on my experience at Peterborough, but repeated efforts for work failing, I began to feel it was the Lord's will for me to go on to London at once, and this seeking work was my will.

Very unexpectedly, when offering for sale an article with which I saw I could dispense, the good Christian brother to whom I was offering it refused to take it, but handing me some money, he looked up and said, "I give this to the Lord." Surely the Lord is good to His children!

Again my need was supplied and I went to London. In the whirl and din and noise of this great city, I emerged from the railroad train, alone. Making my way through the crowd, I felt not alone, for an unseen Presence was with me, and the song that was making melody in my heart, welled up to my lips, and in low tones I found myself humming, "I am trusting, Lord, in thee."

CHAPTER X.

AGAIN AFLOAT.

MY stay in London was but a short one. It was marked by daily incidents, showing the loving care of a Father—a care so tender that it took in the minute, every-day detail of even the humblest life. I could recount many incidents of answers to prayer during the few days that I staid there, and how, through these daily incidents, all my wants were supplied, and my heart was kept in peace. But I shall have to pass over much, desiring only to tell enough to testify to the truth of a daily life of trust in God.

It may be thought, after God had so distinctly impelled me to go to England, that now, as I was there, He would surely reveal some special object in His having brought me—perhaps some service to be required at my hands. Not so. The wonderful benefit my system had derived from the sea voyage, and the appetite that could eat with a relish never before known, explained, in part, not only why I had been brought, but why I was again sent out to remain for weeks in

the salt, sea air. In looking back now I see, too, that the Lord all the way along had been educating me in a training college of His own, and fitting me, not through books to seek to explain great mysteries, but through the simplicity of a daily life of trust, to be a witness to His power to save, and supply all need.

My trip to England had two marked phases in my mode of travel. The humility of service, which God honored, and in which He opened loving hearts to me. The luxury, also, of first-class travel, when not only were all needs supplied, but His abundance was added. In this situation, His love was just the same, and His power to save from every snare unchanged. Then came again a change to homely duties of life, such as I had never been called to before, and all the way from Montreal to Glasgow, I performed the service of helping to water and feed cattle. And in this He gave me such a delight, that even the dumb brutes became dear to me, and those around me remarked how I loved them. Arrived in Scotland and England, again I enjoyed hospitality and abundance, and now in London penury and a consequent continual looking for the supply of needs.

And now it was made manifest that I was again

to set sail. During my trip I had ample opportunity to learn in the school of observation, and had also enjoyed the privilege of seeing many wonderful things in foreign lands, and at sea, that would be of great advantage to me in the future. The chief lessons I was learning, however, were the lessons of abiding trust that, "in all our ways, acknowledges Him." I found that He did direct the paths.

When I had been in London but a few days, I went down to the dock, and got a situation on board a sailing vessel that would soon start for Charleston, South Carolina. I had no trouble in securing this. The captain's mate was a southerner, and when he found I was originally from the South, he simply told me to go on board, and he would find something for me to do. I had tried a number of other vessels, going to different ports—one to Australia—but the way had been persistently blockaded. I have so often found in my experience that, when I attempted to do anything which was not the Lord's will, I seemed to come right against a wall. I have learned, more and more, to allow Him to open and shut the door before me. Now, the way seemed opened, and yet, after I had gone on board the vessel, a difficulty rose before me. It was the mate who had

employed me, and after I had gone to my room, I chanced to overhear the captain and himself talking in regard to me. I soon saw that he and the captain were not on very good terms, and for this reason, the captain was quite displeased because the mate had employed me. He said I could remain over night, but in the morning I should leave.

This news which came incidentally to my ear, caused me to lift my heart in prayer to God. I laid the matter before Him, in confidence that He would order all aright, and the assurance came that He would make a way for me. I slept, and it was the sweetest night's rest I had had for some time. In the morning, the mate sent me out on some errand, to keep me out of the captain's way for a little time, I supposed till his mind would be calm. When I returned, I met him. He kindly called me to him and began to ask questions. As the gentle dew falls upon the earth in the night-time settling the dust and making pure the air, so, during the night the dews of heaven seemed to have distilled into his heart, allaying all disturbance, and this morning he was quiet and gentle. I answered the questions to his apparent satisfaction, and he told me pleasantly to remain on board.

Soon after this we were towed down the Thames, and set sail. Now followed forty-two days of sailing, during which we made but a single stop at Norfolk. The life on a sailing vessel was a monotonous one, and yet full of incidents, showing the care of a Father. Sometimes we were stopped in a calm, and once came upon us a storm which lasted about twelve hours. It was very severe.

Often I was put out on the bow of the vessel on watch, and many times when there, as I had looked on the waves and the billows of the wide, restless deep, I had instinctively shrank in fear from them. But now, as I stood out there during these hours of storm, and saw them lashed in mad fury, the vessel plunging hither and thither, adjusting itself to the motion of the waves as only a sailing vessel has power to do, I learned a wonderful lesson of abandonment of self. In the beginning when I would have that post assigned me, as I thought I saw danger approaching, I would brace myself against it, and, with stiffened muscle, resist the motion. But now I saw how gracefully the vessel abandoned itself to the motion of the waves, plunging resistlessly with the billows, and I yielded myself as I saw it do, allowing it to hold me, and suffering my body to sway to and fro in obedience to its movement. What a sweet

lesson this has taught me spiritually ! How gracefully and sweetly can a resistless spirit ride the waves and billows, when the storms of the world lash to and fro, no pain felt, but a buoyant delight in the utter abandonment of the free spirit.

And why should the spirit not be free ? He can say, "peace, be still," when the needed lesson has been taught. And then, as after the storm in the elements, what a beauty appears ! The dawn of a new day looks upon the fury spent, and though the waves are still rolling, all is glorified by the sunlight. The wind catches up the foam on the crest of the waves, scatters it in mist and in great white flakes, and the sunlight, glinting on these, fills the air with many-tinted hues. And so, though the soul may have said, "the waves and the billows had well nigh gone over me," when the trial is overpast, and new light breaks in upon a glad morning of truth gained, this light makes radiant and glorifies all.

Life seems made up of opposites. Another lesson was learned some little time after this storm, when we were in a dead calm which lasted about thirty hours. On land, it would be natural to suppose that greater dread and fear would be experienced in a storm than in a calm. Not so, on a sailing vessel. There is nothing so trying as

this perfectly lifeless inaction, when the sails flap lazily with the swaggering movement of the vessel. To add to the trouble on our vessel, there was talk that our supply of water was about failing, and the provisions were getting scarce. Frequently during these hours was economy enjoined, and our supplies had been cut down. Our vessel had already been out longer than was expected. The calm, of course, suggested topics of conversation, and so, various stories were told of ships that were taken in a calm which lasted, not simply for days, but for weeks; and starvation had been the result. Then the possibility of what might occur to us, would be mooted. Of course, all this caused terror and alarm on board, for sudden death is less terrible to contemplate than slow starvation.

O, what lessons I was learning! How this dead calm was portraying to me that listless condition of a soul that has ceased to hearken to the gentle wooings of the Spirit! How much more dangerous than the state of one who is tossed to and fro in unrest, seeking safety, and how much more horrible to contemplate the slow starvation which shrivels and dwarfs the spirit, making it ghastly and pinched in its exterior, with ever a hungering, unsatisfied craving! Better the waves and the billows than this.

This was my first experience on a sailing vessel, and I had thought from the first that I was brought here to be taught some new lesson, and I was learning it. The sailors had dubbed me "The Methodist preacher," and whenever any trouble came to us, they would say it was "because they had Jonah on board." But I had contemplated the trouble, somewhat, before embarking. I had counted the cost of what might come, and now, out at sea, cut off from friends from whom I had been so anxious to hear, cut off from home, cut off from all but God, I was learning lessons of utter abandonment to Him, such as I had never known before. My cry was unto Him, and He heard. The whole habit of my life here, so cut off, and so inactive, seemed artificial and foreign to my nature; but in being so situated that I must submit to it, I learned lessons of patience I could have learned in no other way.

I did not learn these lessons, however, without some trial to myself. I did not experience so much of fear during this calm, as a tendency to restless impatience. This had to be overcome, and I found the grace of God sufficient for it. It was a school different from any in which I had yet been taught, and I was sitting at the Master's feet and learning wisdom.

After this calm, we stopped as I have said, at Norfolk, and from there to Charleston we had quite smooth sailing. On the forty second day from the time we started, we arrived at Charleston, South Carolina. By this time I had seemed so to win the confidence of the captain, that he offered to give me a position and retain me on board. But I did not feel at all inclined to remain. This peculiar kind of seafaring life was not at all attractive, though it had been beneficial in teaching me some very valuable lessons. I remained on board a few days, however, and through a new mate that had been taken on the vessel, a pass was obtained for me on a steamer that ran between Charleston and Philadelphia. In a few days I was on my way there. And now came again a change from service to ease. I had a pass on this steamer, and, of course, no duties were required of me, though often, with pleasure, I lent a helping hand when I saw anything necessary to be done. Before we arrived in Philadelphia, the captain offered me a situation, and when the boat landed he gave me permission to remain on board and look round the city for a situation, and decide which I would prefer. After looking about, I decided to remain with him, for a time, at least, and so I continued with him,

running back and forth between these two points for three months.

Here, of course, as all the way along, many incidents of interest occurred, incidents of the Lord's daily leading and teaching, but I have not time to linger. During the trips between these two points, I met a great many people, of different kinds and classes, some wicked, others not; some very intelligent, others illiterate. On one occasion I met, under circumstances not very pleasant, the captain of another vessel, who took passage on ours for Charleston. I was arranging something in his state-room when he came in with a bottle in his hand, and asked me to drink. I declined, saying I never drank. He was intoxicated, and felt rather boisterous and self-willed, and so undertook to compel me to drink, saying if I was off somewhere alone, and behind a door so no one would know it, I would be sure to do it. Finally, he fastened the door, saying he would kill me if I did not drink. Of course, I could not rejoice at seeing him in such a condition, but I did rejoice at the strength the Lord gave me just then, and how secure and safe I felt in Him! At last, seeing me so firm, his railing ceased. I had seemed to win his respect through the firmness, and his jeering turned to flattery, and he assured me he would not have me hurt for the world.

Again he made another trip on our vessel, and remembered the former acquaintance, so that, on one occasion, he began to talk to me on the subject of Christianity, saying that he had no faith in Christians—the preachers and all were hypocrites. After saying much against them, he finally declared his belief in a God; saying that he believed He was a God of justice, and that He would not punish men who had committed murder or any great crime, for they would not do such things if they were not wrong in their head. “Well,” I said, “why can’t you extend the same charity to these poor Christians and preachers whom you call hypocrites? Perhaps they are wrong in their head too.” He said nothing more, but was much amused.

After running on this steamer between Charleston and Philadelphia for three months, I stopped in Charleston for about four weeks. During our short stops in Philadelphia, I occasionally had opportunity to attend a meeting at the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and I sometimes got papers in which were articles on the subject of Holy living, and these wonderfully intensified my desire to live a life wholly given up to God. They were food to my soul, and as my own soul was fed, I longed to hand the “Bread of Life” to others. My heart

had often sorrowed over Charleston as I saw the wickedness of that city, and the great, spiritual coldness, and a wish to remain there for a time as a witness to the power of God to save, induced me to make this stay of four weeks. They were weeks of much trial to me. I had stopped, feeling but one of the least, and yet feeling that God could use ever so weak an instrument, to kindle a spark of life. How my heart longed to see that city alive to God! These were weeks of trial, but they were also weeks of great blessing to me. I had had but the one motive, to do good; but my motives were not only impeached, I was evil spoken of in addition; a minister even saying that I had been sent there of the devil. But I was preserved in this trial.

On one occasion, when I had gone to my room for the night, so precious a baptism came upon me, that I longed to speak of it to some one, and going down stairs and out to the street door, I met a colored man there, and he being the nearest at hand, I began to talk to him. He was much affected, and was soon in tears. But "behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth"! This incident was seen, and, simple as it was, it gave rise to the report that I was a person sent down there to stir up some disturbance among the colored

people. Yet, I myself was a southerner by birth. It reminded me of the words concerning Jesus,—“He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.” Thus, again, I was in another department of the Lord’s Training School, learning wonderful lessons of Him, and being richly blessed in my own soul. The good resulting to myself was great, nor was my stay there unblessed to others. I fell in with a minister—a kind, good Brother, with whom I visited much among the poor and afflicted, and with whom I labored some among the colored people.

But the one great lesson taught me, aside from those inner lessons which pertained more especially to myself, was the great necessity for Spiritual Union. Having seen both sides, the North and the South, and having had opportunity to know the state of feeling that prevailed in both localities, I could not help seeing the spiritual warfare that is still going on between them. When this ceases, and their hearts are melted together as one in love and harmony, all bickering and bitterness put aside, so that, as one people their united cry shall go up to God, then, and not till then, will a great, tidal wave of Spiritual Life sweep over this whole nation. Souls are perishing because of this lack—souls that might be reached and saved. May He

who said, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," hasten the day! Rather let me say this, for His provision is sufficient: May His own children so open their hearts as to receive what He is so willing to bestow upon them, that they may be melted into unity by the flame of love that is waiting to be poured out upon them!

CHAPTER XI.

TO LIVERPOOL.

AT the end of four weeks in Charleston, I took passage on the same steamer on which I had been running, and returned to Philadelphia, where I remained about a month. During this month, the question of my studying for the ministry was again urged upon me by a number who became interested in me, but the way was not made clear for me to do so. I was kept in a different Training School, where, by a life of daily dependence on God, and opportunity for much observation, I was learning simple lessons of trust that were fitting me to help others in the homely duties and trials of life, as well as, through these, having my own inner life developed and strengthened. Many incidents occurred in my experience while there, incidents which I may not linger to narrate. Of but two will I speak.

I went, one day, to visit the Alms House, and what a sweet lesson of content I learned there from the beautiful example of one who seemed outwardly to be robbed of everything calculated to

make life beautiful. Her husband was gone, she was bereft of friends to care for her, she was in abject poverty, and, withal, a great sufferer, bodily, being confined to one little, narrow space; yet praises were continually on her lips, and, to me, she seemed the happiest person I had ever seen. As I took her hand, old and withered though it was, it thrilled through my spiritual being as a battery through the physical. Christ seemed in her touch. What a ministration of patience was her daily life! And how through this example of the power of God to beautify the whole inner being, regardless of the mere incidents of outer ease and comfort, my own desire to have developed in me the grace of long-suffering was quickened! Often have I thought of the lesson taught me there by the Spirit.

The other incident of which I spoke was caring for the outward things of life, and, through this care, quickening my faith to a fuller trust in Him who says, "My God shall supply all your need." It was a very simple one. My boots needed repairing very much, and I had not sufficient money to pay for having them done. Yet, one morning I felt I must delay no longer, and an assurance was given me that the means would be provided, though I had no idea how. Yet there

was no room for a doubt, and with cheerful heart I went to have it done. I spoke to the shoemaker, and he said he could do it at once; for me just to leave them. I did not say one word to him of my not having sufficient money to pay for them, but I told him I did not have a second pair to put on, and if I had them repaired I would have to sit and wait till they were done. To my surprise he offered to loan me his own best shoes to wear during the day, utter stranger though I was. I accepted the kind offer and went out, saying I would return for my boots in the evening. No one knew the case but God and myself, nor did I speak to any one about it. During the day a person placed in my hand a little sum of money, which, with the amount I had, was just sufficient, to the very cent, to pay for my boots when I returned for them in the evening. These incidents need no comment. Indeed, sometimes I think we almost mar the beautiful simplicity of our Father's lessons, by too much comment upon them.

I remained in Philadelphia several weeks, and enjoyed the opportunity of attending various meetings, an opportunity from which I had been much cut off for some time. I had so longed, many times, when out at sea, to have the privilege

of attending some of those "Holiness Meetings" of which I had heard much, and so, perhaps, had looked too much to them. Now, when I was there, while I enjoyed much in connection with them, yet I did not derive that benefit I had anticipated, and often, instead of being benefited, I was really grieved. Summing up all the blessing derived from them during my stay there, I feel that it has often been more than overbalanced by one hour of communion in solitude. There is too little of heart-communing alone with God. It seems to me the most precious hours of my life have been those spent alone with Him. How often has the solitude of the grove been a holy temple to me, in which I worshipped, away from the busy whirr of life, with its many-voiced and often discordant notes! The soul that would be fed must look to Christ only, and be in much secret communion with Him. I do not say this may not be done, even amid the multitude, but I do say it is apt then to be frequently broken in upon. How beautifully comes up the example of Jesus, in His going apart, to pray! I speak only of our heart-communings. Jesus had no time to be a recluse, nor have we. Life is a busy, active, real thing, and there is no time for idlers or dreamers.

At the close of a few weeks, I was urged to come to New York and engage in city missionary work, the field being presented to me as one in which much good was to be done, and that, no doubt, a situation would be offered me. A pass was furnished me on a steamer, and I came, but all effort to engage in this kind of work failed. The suggestion was made, instead, that perhaps the Lord had been fitting me for a kind of mission work at sea, and that I should not abandon that. Soon after this, I heard a sermon that made a very deep impression on my mind, in this direction, and helped me to decide in favor of another sea voyage. Not that any thing was said, bearing directly upon that point, but the simplicity of a daily abiding in Christ, in which we are enabled to magnify the Lord in the humblest details of life, thus speaking forth His praises, was set forth as one of the most beautiful forms of ministration of the word of God. I thought it all over and decided to go.

I got a situation on board an English vessel that sailed between New York and Liverpool, and went on board of her the first day of May, and she sailed on the fourth. Before sailing, however, I was destined to learn a lesson quite out of the usual order of my life, thus far. We

had worked away very busy during these three days, getting things on board and everything in readiness. On the third day, myself and three other young men had signed our names, and were now, of course, under obligations to the vessel—the compact being complete by this act. Afterwards two of them had gone into the city to get some of their things, and also, as it proved, to get something to drink. They became quite intoxicated, and one of them imagined, in his feverish brain, that he had lost some money. The other one of the three, and myself, had remained on board, and, being very tired with our day's work, had gone to bed, and were soon asleep.

About ten o'clock I was aroused by a firm grip on my arm, and a stern voice saying, "Come, I want you." I saw the same demand was made also of the young man who had remained with me during the day. My first thought was, that it was the Custom-house officer, and that he was going to examine us; so, without hesitation, I put on my clothes to go with him, as did also my friend. When we were out of the vessel he drew a revolver from his pocket, saying if we attempted to escape he would shoot us. Then I perceived we were under arrest. I had expressed to him

something in regard to our having to be back on the vessel before morning, as it was to sail at six o'clock; but he very significantly replied that we would hardly go on that vessel, for we would most likely find ourselves out on the island soon.

When we arrived in the court room, we learned that we were charged with having stolen some money from one of the two who had that day gone ashore. Here was a surprise. Not only was it a surprise, but a great trial also. I could not conceive what had given rise to so false a report, and my mind was much troubled in seeking a clue to it. There was a deep undercurrent of peace, for I knew I was innocent, and there was also an assurance that all would be well; still, there was some agitation, notwithstanding this.

The judge asked us a few questions, and then turned to the party accusing us, and asked him some questions also. He soon discovered that our accuser was still so drunk, that he was unable to give any correct account, so we were all sent to the "Tombs" for the night, to await trial in the morning.

Thus shut in, and accused of guilt, my cry went up to God; and sitting down in the cell, I took my Bible and began to seek for some written word of consolation and comfort. Soon my attention

was arrested by the words, "He that hateth reproof shall die." This seemed for me. Chastisement was laid upon me, and I must suffer it in the spirit of Christ. I began to think everything over. I had come to New York to preach Christ—that was the purpose for which I had obtained a pass. Now, perhaps, I was fleeing from something I ought to have done, and so the Lord had suffered me to fall into evil hands. As a result of this, the possibility of imprisonment for some length of time lay before me. As this array passed before me, my emotions were varied. It seemed a bitter cup placed to my lips, but, "He that hateth reproof shall die," were the words sounding through my soul, and at last I could say, not, "Let this cup pass," but, "Thy will be done." Yes, if I could in any way serve the Lord through this, gladly would I go. What a flood of peace swept down into my soul! And my heart was filled with praises. No words could express the delight. I began to arrange the blankets that had been furnished me for the night, thinking, as I did so, that, here in prison, I would have the best night's rest I had ever had.

At this juncture, the janitor came rushing in, telling us to come out into the court room again, that the whole ship's crew had come after us. We

went out, and, sure enough, we found that the officers of the vessel had come to demand our release. After some farther questions, and after their testifying as to our character, we were dismissed; but, before leaving I felt I must speak for the Lord. I asked permission to say a few words, which was readily granted, and I stepped forward and began. Never in my life, at any time, have I had such ready utterance and such perfect freedom in every respect; no thought of fear, as I stood there and declared God's willingness to hear and answer prayer, and His power to save! The words seemed to flow without any effort of mine, and as I told of the baptism of peace which had fallen on me after I was shut in the cell for the night, and how God had made all light about me, assuring me that all would be well, and that I would yet go on that steamer, the gratitude and enthusiasm of those who heard, rose to such a pitch that, scarcely had I ceased to speak till shouts and cheers of joy filled the room. All were wild with delight, taking off their hats and loudly cheering.

Thus did the Lord so overrule a wicked act, that even "the wrath of man was made to praise Him." If I had remained in New York for months, working in a quiet way, I would not,

perhaps, have been able to reach so many, or so efficiently, as through that one incident of the Lord's power to save. Nor, could I, probably, have had access to the same class of people in any other way. Again and again have I known of this incident, having been repeated to the glory of God, not only here, but in foreign lands, by the boat's crew, whose homes were there.

With what joy I returned to the vessel, feeling that, with that one night's experience, perhaps, I had accomplished the purpose of my coming to New York—I had preached Christ.

But how swift upon the heels of victory, a temptation in some other form is apt to follow! On our way back to the boat we met a reporter, and, not knowing him to be a reporter, I very innocently said to him some things that I would not have said, had I known it. No sooner had I learned he was a reporter, than a fear came into my mind that this incident would be heralded before the public, perhaps not reported correctly, and my friends in different places would see it, and I would be disgraced in their eyes. This fear should have had no place in my heart, for, after the multiplied instances of God's over-ruling hand, I should have been willing to trust Him wholly with this, knowing that my reputation

was in His hands. But not until after I had gone to Liverpool and returned, and found that nothing had been said about it, was my mind perfectly at rest. So slow are we to trust Him utterly! Before leaving this subject, I will add that the young man who thought he had missed his money, when he became duly sober, discovered his mistake. It was not lost.

We had a pleasant voyage across, landing at Liverpool on the eleventh day. The chief steward, when he found I had no friends in Liverpool, not only asked me to remain on board, making the boat my home, after the ship's crew was discharged, but he soon paid me wages for my time and services. It was a very unusual thing to employ any hands on this side. This being an English vessel, the hands were generally hired there for the round trip; but as many were going from here to the Paris Exposition, there was a demand for more help. Not only was I retained for this trip, but I remained another round trip on this steamer, arriving in New York after my second voyage, about the twenty-second day of July.

I had had a desire, after the incident narrated, to remain on this vessel till I had proved myself. If there was a shadow of fear in regard to me, I

wanted it removed. The confidence in me seemed complete, and positions of trust were placed in my hands, that would not have been, had there been any fear in regard to me. How in every thing, we are made more than conquerors through Him that loveth us, as we submit to Him and walk in His statutes, keeping His commandments!

CHAPTER XII.

THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.

AFTER my return from the second voyage to Liverpool, my services were no longer needed on that steamer. Now that the rush of travel to the Paris Exposition was over, the working force did not need to be so great. But again I received marked kindness. How beautifully the Lord opens the hearts of people to His children! Surely, He makes a way for us, when we trust in Him! The steward of this vessel had become a firmer friend, as I remained longer with him, and now, as I was no longer needed there, he not only asked me to stay on board a few days, while the vessel would be fitting for departure, but he used his influence to get me a situation on board another steamer. In this he succeeded, so that I was now on board of one bound for the West Indies and South America.

This seemed directly in conflict with what would have been my will, for I would not have chosen to sail in that latitude. But the Lord's ways are best, and even a trip, in this climate,

which I would have thought so detrimental to my health, proved a great blessing to me. I had always been troubled, somewhat, with bronchial affection, and it had given me more annoyance than usual on my last voyage to and from Liverpool. I would get heated at my work, and then, going out on deck and getting chilled, increased the difficulty. But since my sailing in those southern seas, the trouble has been almost entirely removed. I scarcely feel it, ever. Indeed, much that had lain dormant in my system must have escaped through the pores, during these weeks in southern latitude, for I never knew before what it was to perspire freely; and now, instead of contracting malarious influences, I seemed to be throwing off latent disease. My health has been much improved by it. In truth, this appears to have been one of the great objects of my life of change and travel. Not only have I thrown off disease and impurity by the frequent change and much travel, but the waste tissue, caused by these, has been repaired and built up, my whole system gradually strengthening, so that I grow more vigorous. My body becomes constantly more sound and strong. I may yet be robust. But I anticipate.

On the thirtieth of July, we sailed for the

southern seas. Soon I was destined to witness one of the saddest scenes I have ever looked upon. We sailed on Tuesday, and on the following Friday night we had a death on board. Once before, coming from Liverpool, we had a death, and I had witnessed a burial at sea. That, too, had been very touching, induced, in part, as it was, by drink. This, together with the intense heat he had to endure, being a fireman, had occasioned congestion of the brain, and his death had been a painful one of intense suffering, and sad to witness. But this one seemed even more so. It was the case of one of the stewards. During the time that the steamer lay at the dock, he had been constantly drinking. It was said he had not drawn a sober breath during the time. Now, out at sea, he was attacked with delirium tremens, and the poor fellow's ravings were heart-rending. I had never witnessed anything of the kind, nor will I go into detail to describe it.

Sad as such things always are, there is no place where they seem so sad as out at sea, where the vessel is a little world to itself, cut off from every thing else. The whole steamer felt the pall of this shadow. And O, what a warning was in those mad ravings, as the poor fellow imagined himself attacked on all sides by enemies who were

hurling bottles, pitchers, and various articles at him! Even what I heard of his ravings was sad beyond expression, and I heard comparatively little, as my work kept me busy.

Finally, the voice was hushed—the heart was still. He had gone—we dared not think whither. And now came a burial. Under the scorching heat of the southern sun, where the ocean, in dreamy languor, lay, a broad, blue expanse, the waters so very blue that they looked as if they might have been colored, the boat stopped, the service was read, and the body was lowered. One not professing to be a Christian read the service, but never had it sounded so profoundly solemn to me as now. So deeply solemn was the whole occasion, that God seemed almost visibly present, acknowledged by all. The dreamy, torpid stillness of the air and the water, every thing without, seemed attuned to the death-dirge, and proclaimed a sad, silent knell for the departed. The clay tabernacle was lowered, the waters closed over it, and nothing was left to us of him but the sad memories with which he had invested us, and again our steamer plowed onward. How strange it seemed to me, that every heart present, not already given to God, was not, at once, smitten down under conviction and led to yield!

We had left New York on Tuesday, and the following Monday evening we arrived at Hayti. I will not dwell on the time spent as we touched at different points on these islands. We made a number of stops here, but only at Kingston was I permitted to go on shore.

Kingston was a special delight to me for this reason: My last regular business had been a clerkship in a confectionery and tropical fruit store, in St. Paul. I had often thought, when eating the fruit, how much I would like to see it growing in its native clime, and now, in Kingston, I was having that privilege. Here I saw the streets shaded by cocoa-nut trees, and the banana groves were a delight to me.

The change of climate, of course, was very depressing to the system. In Minnesota it had been buoyant and exhilarating to me. Here, it was the opposite. While the former stimulated cheerfulness, this, naturally, produced a tendency to depression and melancholy. But how the Lord can lift us above all injurious effect from the mere incident of climate and outward things! I felt a power of life, welling up within me, that seemed to be neutralizing every thing that might have harmed me, and really strengthening and building me up. I sometimes had a feeling, while at these

islands, that, perhaps, I was simply surveying the ground, and the Lord might yet send me there in missionary work for Him. He was showing me, at least, that, should He do so, He could so adapt my system to the change of climate, that I would be kept from any injurious effects.

This was a new lesson in my Training School—one that had not been brought definitely to my mind before, for the simple reason, I suppose, that I had not yet been in a state of preparation to learn it. When I had changed from Minnesota to Arkansas, from there to Oregon, and again from Minnesota to Chicago, I had felt the changes keenly, and had suffered much from them. Now I had come to the West Indies, when I would not have chosen it at all, and when I thought the climate would naturally be the most injurious to me. But I had been so hedged in, in every direction, that it seemed imperative for me to go there; so I submitted, willingly. But never before had I been led to see, as now, that the adaptation of my system to climate should be a matter specially committed to God. I began, at once, to make this a subject of specific prayer, and graciously it was answered. His blessings are always "above what we ask or think." Not only was I kept from harm, but, through constant looking to

Him, I was strengthened and improved. I was kept bright and cheerful within, and whatever there was of physical depression was made a great blessing to me, for through the free perspiration occasioned, poisonous influences seemed carried off. How long it takes us to learn the lesson of complete trust that commits all things to Him!

Leaving the islands, we soon touched at South America. For some miles out, before we reached our first port there, we had seen the tops of the Andes, as they towered high, their points piercing through the clouds, so that from our position, we could see these above the clouds that were floating below. My heart praised God for permitting my eyes to behold so much of the grandeur of His wonderful work in nature! And what a variety He was suffering me to look upon, now here—now there! The sunny, dreamy beauty of my own native, southern home—the crisp, frost, fret-work of Minnesota—the mountain grandeur of Oregon—the clear, silvery northern lakes—the briny deep—the green shores of Scotland—the misty halo of England—and now, again, the sullen, south sea of blue, and its dottings of islands with their luxurious growth of luscious fruits—and now, still farther on, this southern land with its mountain grandeur, and its forests, gay with the plumage

and echoing with the note of birds, while enlivened by the chatter of monkeys, sprites strangely in contrast with the lazy, torpid-looking alligators—all these had I seen. And how through all was I learning lessons of His love and goodness! And here, too, in South America, was such a variety in the different phases of life, from those who were dressed and decked in the most beautiful trappings, to the unclad natives who roved about in their freedom, innocent of shame. Amongst the inhabitants, the beauty of the Spanish feature and form was striking.

After the unlading and relading, we were soon again afloat, nothing of special note having occurred, either in my inner or outer life. Every thing, however, seemed in some way a blessing to me.

We stopped at Aspinwall. I was especially interested here, because I had sold so many Aspinwall bananas, they being regarded as superior, and now I had the privilege of seeing where they came from. After leaving this port we came direct to New York, arriving here on the sixth of September, after an absence of about six weeks. This seemed a long voyage, and I was as glad to get back as I had been after the long, tedious sailing voyage from London to Charleston.

I had had a new field of observation, and had learned many lessons; but I had no desire to make the same trip again. I had not only been offered the same situation I had had, but when I objected that the work was rather close and hard for me, I had been offered the choicest situation in the cabin where the work would be lighter; but I felt that to go again, would be putting myself in a kind of bondage, so that I could not work for the Lord if I wished. If ever I should go to those points again, I wanted to go in such a way that I would be free to go on shore with any message the Lord might give me for the people. I could not accept the situation and be thus trammelled. Besides, my position had been a very tiresome one, and I wanted less close confinement.

It will be seen, how, in every thing, I have had such a uniform desire for freedom. It may not be understood why I could go ashore at some places and not at others. For the reason, that none of the points at which we touched in the West Indies, had a boat landing, except Kingston. At all the other places, we had to drop anchor some distance out, and only the officers of the steamer, and those necessary to unlade and relade, went ashore in small boats. Thus there was no opportunity to see the people, even for a short

time. I had made this trip, feeling that it was the Lord's will to have me do it, but now, I felt it would be quite contrary to His will for me to go again.

Before I had obtained the situation on this steamer, I had tried to get one on a steamer that ran between New York and Aspinwall; but, as most of the crew of the one then in was colored, it was not suitable for me. Now, however, there was one of the same line in—a floating palace in point of beauty, and I had no trouble in securing a nice situation, for which I received better pay than on the former vessel. On this boat, I made two round trips between New York and Aspinwall, arriving in New York after the second one, on the seventeenth of November.

On my first arrival in it at Aspinwall, where it remained a little more than a week, I had gone to a Sabbath School, and there formed a very pleasant acquaintance with the superintendent, and I saw here one little avenue for missionary work. He told me they were in great need of reading matter, in the way of tracts and papers, and so, on my second trip down from New York, I took them quite a package of these, and also sent them some several times afterward, for which they seemed very thankful. When I had gone down

the second time, too, taking the package of reading matter, I was not only present at the Sabbath School, but at some of the other meetings also, and one meeting in which I had taken part, had been a special pleasure to me, there in a strange land. I also made the acquaintance of the minister and his wife, being at their home and enjoying their social, Christian hospitality.

Our second trip down had been rather a tedious one. We had had a very severe storm off Hatteras, from which the vessel had suffered injury, and we had to hoist sail and make slow progress for four days without steam. We had succeeded in making repairs, however, so that we went into Aspinwall with steam.

These four days of slow travel were a great trial to many, though I was kept in peace and enabled to help cheer others. It is a sad time among seamen, when there is any prospect of running short in supplies. There is generally an indefinite amount of "hard tack," but the seaman's appetite is kept sharpened by the salt air, and it craves something more substantial than this. The supplies are laid in in proportion to the length of journey contemplated, and the sharpened appetite does not contemplate with favor any lengthening of the journey. The passengers, too,

have stomachs to be considered, and sometimes very dainty ones, when unaccustomed to the water, and so it is a sad time, on board a vessel, when there seems any danger of running short by being out longer than usual.

But, we arrived in safety at Aspinwall, and returned in safety to New York, though it had been a slow trip both ways. And now, the vessel was laid up for a month for repairs, and thus, I was again without a situation. He who heareth the cry of the raven, and who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, did not forget this one of His flock.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FLOOD OF LIGHT.

AND now, I come to the experience of the month of December, just past, which brings events so nearly to the present, that it would seem I had arrived at the Now of my life. As I think of the radiance shed upon my spirit during the month, and the gilding of glory revealed, my soul melts in adoration and praise to Him who has crowned my life with loving-kindness; and, in this recent out-pouring of Life and Light, revealed to me a richness in His love never realized before. "O, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men! For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

What wonderful provision He has made to meet every want of our being, whether natural or spiritual! But how strangely in contrast, is the greed with which we take the good things of His bounty in the way of natural gifts, when compared with the tardiness with which we accept of those richer, spiritual gifts! And yet, the first endure

but for a time, while the latter are as unending as eternity. My heart has often ached as I have looked on the multitudes of immortal beings, who are frittering away their lives in the pursuit of that which is transient, while untold glories might be theirs during eternity, but for the taking. More and more the Lord has shown me of the beauties of the Life, He bestows so freely, and the more I realize in my own soul of His love, the more my heart desires that others also might enjoy the riches of His bounty. This recent manifestation of His goodness and glory, but intensifies my desire for others.

There have been three distinct epochs in my Christian life: In my first chapter I said two; and so there have been two marked stages introducing me into two different planes of spiritual life. But the blessing of the past month was so marked in its sweetness, that it might be called a third stage, a fuller realization of life on a higher plane. I have simply to narrate the story of God's leading and blessing, and so I will resume where I left off on our steamer's arrival at New York on the seventeenth of November.

For some reason, unaccountable to myself, I seemed to have no desire then whatever, to return to the sea. Not only had I no desire, but I felt I

must not go. It was manifest to me, that it was not God's will for me to return then, but what purpose He had in keeping me here, I knew not; but I felt held from seeking a situation on any other steamer. At once, however, I began to look about for something to do here. I had been compelled to buy a fresh supply of winter clothing, and, although this had not been extravagantly done, yet I had not sufficient money left to justify very long-continued idleness. Although I had been quite busy for some time, yet my wages had not been very high, and it did not require long to exhaust my store of supply. I desired now, if possible, to get into a situation where I could combine work that would meet my temporal wants, with direct service for the Lord; and again came up the thought of City Missionary work. I applied for a situation in this cause, and a friend was also interested in my behalf; but this did not seem the Lord's plan, and so our plans were foiled. I did not succeed.

Then I went to the employment-bureau, and applied for a situation. How alone I felt in this mammoth city, so far as earthly friends, who could help me, were concerned! And how the Lord was cutting me off from all but Himself! There was no arm to help, none that could save. My cry

was unto God. Deep and firm was the conviction that He had brought me here for a purpose; and I could not leave, till that purpose was accomplished. I could not know what it was, but I must wait and see. And yet, my pocket was now empty, and I was falling in arrears for my board.

On Saturday of the third week after I came, a situation was offered me, one that I had thought, of all things, I should like. Yet, in talking it over with the person wanting my services, I felt I could not give a decided answer then. I must defer that until Monday. I could not tell why, but I seemed to feel some great change was about to occur, that would help me to decide—that would make all clear; and so I remarked to the person that I would give my answer on Monday, but I hoped there would not be great disappointment if I should decline, for I did not know what might occur before Monday. One thing had seemed to impress me, and that was that I had writing to do. So impressed was I with this, that I had even asked if there would be time, from the services required of me, so I could do it. It seems wonderful how I could think so calmly of declining this situation, when hunger seemed staring me in the face if I did, while an abundant supply of all I needed was luring me to accept it.

O, what inner sifting I was going through! I saw just the situation I would place myself in by declining. My mouth would be sealed, nay, was sealed now, so that I could not speak to others in regard to it, for no one would understand why I declined, and all would think me foolish. And was I cut completely off, and compelled to trust God, as it were in the face of starvation? I had no money, and without money I could have neither food nor shelter. I knew, too, how very hard it is in these times to find employment. Yet the Lord seemed asking me to put by this opportunity, and look to Him only. If I did put it aside, how could I again go to the employment-bureau and ask for another? I was driven to the wall, and I said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Yes, I said it, but not until after much sifting. O, how my soul was tossed! I seemed going through some preparation for a deepening of my inner life. I felt the need of a deeper realization of the glorious fulness I saw promised in the Bible. There were revealed precious promises to the soul that I had not appropriated. I was thirsting for the unseen things. What though natural hunger did stare me in the face? Deeper was my hungering for the riches of His grace and the fulness of His love to be made more real to

me. The very foundations of my nature seemed shaken. It was as if the plough-share of the Spirit was going through and through me, overturning and overturning the soil of my nature, and preparing a way for the implantation of deeper truth than had ever yet been revealed to me. For days I had been going through a tossing which seemed a work of preparation, and, though plenty of food was before me, I could eat little, and my sleep was not refreshing, for I seemed burdened, even in slumber.

And so that Saturday night I slept, and on Sabbath morning I had a feeling that this struggle must be over. After I had been up a while, I seemed to feel a desire to prostrate myself before God, not only in spirit, but bodily. The key, for some reason, had been removed from my door, so that I could not lock it, and a desire for sacred privacy, alone with God, where even the eyes of the servant, should she come in to arrange the room, could not obtrude suddenly upon me, led me to the remote side of the room, where, sheltered by my bed, I prostrated myself upon the floor. It seemed that this position was the only outward one that could, in any degree, express the inward prostration of soul that I felt. I wanted to get down in the dust. Like Job, "I abhorred myself

in dust and ashes," when I felt that I had been living beneath my privileges in Christ. Not long did I remain thus, till the heavens seemed opened, and O, what a flood of peace swept into my heart! a deep, holy calm—deeper than ever known before. An assurance came with it, too, that all would be made light about me, and the Lord would clearly show me His will.

I lay there praising God and reveling in the bliss, when, just then, a little incident occurred, so wholly incongruous, that the very absurdity filled me with joyous laughter, verifying literally to me the promise, "I will put a laughing spirit within you." I had left my valise lying open on the floor, and in it was a bottle of bay rum. The Irish girl came in to arrange the room, I suppose, and seeing the bottle, made a plunge for it, and taking it up hastily, drew the cork and smelled the contents. The disappointment on her face was amusing, but when I heard her whispered words of disgust, "Och, that's not brandy," the whole scene struck me as being so ludicrous, especially when, discovering me, she beat a hasty retreat from the room, that I could but shake with laughter. Not only was peace in my heart, but cheer also, so that I could look upon this trespass, and laugh at the discomfiture.

Most of that day was spent in my room in prayer, for notwithstanding this deep peace in my heart, it seemed but a precursor to something fuller that was coming. Again I was in a waiting attitude, and, without a doubt. At six o'clock I went to the meeting at the Y. M. C. A., and soon after I entered they began to sing, "What a friend we have in Jesus!" It was very sweet to me; but when they came to the words,

"O, what peace we often forfeit,
O, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer,"—

my eyes were opened to see that this was just where I had failed. And yet, I had professed to do this—had thought I did. But I now saw the need of a deep, interior honesty, as it had not before been revealed to me. I had not been walking in condemnation, was not under condemnation now; but I saw depths in the word honesty, of which I had been ignorant. I rose and spoke, testifying to what I felt, and expressing the desire that this deeper work might be wrought in me. I was blessed in the remarks.

After the close of this meeting, I went to the temperance meeting at Park Theatre. Persons present were called on to give texts of Scripture,

and I quoted the one that had so often been a blessing to me: "For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." The leader of the meeting gave some words of explanation in regard to it, which greatly helped me. •

At the close of this meeting, I walked down Broadway with a young friend, conversing with him by the way, and expressing the desire for perfect honesty in the very depths of my nature. All I felt led to say during the evening, in these meetings, and now out, was an expression of that one desire felt, and thus a confession of my need. At Fourteenth Street, our paths diverged and he left me. No sooner had he gone than I found myself there alone. There were people on the other side of the street, but that side of Broadway seemed deserted. Alone with God! In the heart of a great city, on one of its busiest streets, but as intensely alone with Him as I had ever been in the depths of a forest! And there, walking for a little in solitude, I began to praise Him for having shown me this great need—and with the thanksgiving was the unuttered prayer of an earnest desire that this need might be supplied to me.

And now, what can I say? "Suddenly there shone round about me a great light." It was a

dark night, but the whole firmament seemed lit up, and down upon me fell a light that not only enveloped me, but penetrated me entire, till my whole inner being seemed illumined. All was brightness about me, and within I was so lit up that myself seemed revealed to myself. Praises would well up in my heart, and my lips uttered them. I wanted to cry aloud of His righteousness. Never had I conceived of glory like this. I seemed really to be walking in light, and yet so light of body and lithe of limb, that I scarcely seemed walking at all. Not a care had I. God was there, and I was communing with Him in a nearer nearness, than I had ever realized before. I hardly seemed myself. Indeed, there was little thought of myself, for the more I saw of God's greatness and glory, the more I saw myself a mere atom. Yet I was an atom, floating in the light.

“O, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free!”

When I reached home, I went to the mirror to see if this light was visible upon my face. Not in the naturalistic idea that had been suggested to me, but in the face and from the eye shot back a look—a light I had never seen there before. “And now was mine head lifted up.” What provision would be made I knew not—I scarce

thought. I was satisfied, felt that I could be satisfied with whatever might come, and I slept.

The next morning I must tell the good news, and I went first to the Seaman's Mission. The Lord filled my mouth, and hearts were warmed and blessed. Afterwards I went to the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. Again I spoke forth His praises, and His blessing fell upon it. In the afternoon, I went and gave my decision about the situation. It was declined. I could not see why, but God's assurance to my soul was, that there was something better. I felt that this was not His will, and I would rather starve than go contrary to His wishes. The outward trial would have been severe but for the assurance His light and love gave me that all would be well. So often, in the time of trial, has He given me the joy of the deliverance, before the deliverance really came. So in this case. On I went, trusting, waiting. These were days filled with new life and light. Indeed, this seemed to me a baptism of fire—there was such light, and such a new, warm glow of love in my heart.

Just here, let me group together the three different manifestations of life as they have come to me: In my conversion, it was as if a spout or jet of water had gushed suddenly from some

unseen source, and, falling, had gone directly into my heart, bringing with it the joy of pardoned sins. When I had received the Baptism of the Spirit in Minnesota, the seeming was not a stream but a flood of water, falling upon my entire being and flowing into every avenue, giving such a delicious consciousness of cleansing. Now the manifestation was light—a flood of light surrounding and filling me and gilding every thing with new beauty and glory; and the consciousness can be expressed only in two words—Light—Love. I seemed walking in a halo of light, and a tide of love unknown was filling me. “O, that men would praise the Lord, for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!”

On the following Wednesday morning, I called to see her whose hand has written this record for me. While there, she remarked that she felt inclined to have me meet a friend who might be a friend to me, in some practical way just now needed, and offered to give me a note of introduction to him. This she wrote, and the next morning I called and presented it. Conversation followed that led me to tell some of the incidents of my experience, when, to my surprise, after listening to me, he remarked, “I think the Lord has sent you to New York and kept you

here, in order that these things concerning your experience and daily guidance, may be written out to help others who are seeking to live a life of trust in God, and I think that Mrs. W. is the one to write it out for you." This was a surprise, and yet, in confirmation of the impression made on my mind in regard to writing, on the Saturday previous. Here were the two witnesses, and in my heart, immediately I felt the response of the Spirit that this was God's will.

And so, I was sent back with this message to her who had given me the note of introduction, and who has since listened to my story, and clothed my thoughts with words for me, so that now, with the first days of the New Year, 1879, I make this offering to God, to be used in His service and to His glory. This book is the result of the Baptism that fell upon me in Broadway. May not only the book, but my whole life be a thank-offering to Him who made all things light about me! It was begun with the united prayer of the writer and myself. It has been written with our united prayer, and with our united prayer it goes to the world, and our united prayer will follow it. There has been no desire in it all, but to magnify and glorify the King of Kings, who will reign supremely in the hearts of His believing, trusting children.

CHAPTER XIV.

INCIDENTS AND REFLECTIONS.

AND now, having told the narrative of my life during the past seven years, I feel that I would like to add a few detached incidents that I did not care to speak of in the order of time in which they occurred, lest they might seem too personal; and I wish no one whose eye may ever trace these words, to feel that he has been pointed at. I only wish to say sufficient to illustrate God's power to keep and save under trying circumstances. The first one will testify to

THE POWER OF LOVE

as the only efficient means with which to overcome evil. At one time, I was sorely tried by a young man, employed in the same house as myself, whose annoyances were of such a character as to cause me to seem derelict in duty and heedlessly careless. Repeated rebukes were consequently dealt me by those in authority, and so publicly, many times, as to make my face burn with shame. Yet I had no wish to expose him. I was young

and sorely tried, and not knowing what to do, I went to God in prayer to show me. He gave me such a feeling of love for the offender, that a desire to pray for him came into my heart, and I went to the room that he as well as myself slept in, and there, alone as I thought, in words uttered aloud, I prayed for him. I had no idea that he was near, nor did I find it out, till afterwards I chanced to hear him telling it to another. But from the time I offered that prayer for him, he not only ceased to annoy me, but he became a firm friend, and has so continued, so far as I have had the opportunity to know.

The next incident is a

TRIUMPH OF HONESTY.

At one time, when a vessel on which I had been sailing, arrived at New York, a gentleman on board, who was bringing home a parrot and a monkey, not wishing to take them ashore that night, desired to leave them in my care, saying he would come for them in the morning. I cheerfully consented, though I found one of the subjects rather unruly. The parrot did not seem willing to obey orders, but would seek out devices of its own, going here and there, clambering about over the masts, and doing quite as it pleased. The captain had his

eye on the bird and greatly desired it, though I did not know this. He was just the kind of person who would appropriate it to himself, and think he was perpetrating a good joke. Unknown to me, he gave orders to one of the engineers to secure and take it to his own room, and lock it in for safety till the morning, when he (the captain) would take it. I knew nothing of this order of the captain, but when I missed the parrot I inquired for it, and some one told me where it was. I felt that it would only make a disturbance for me to demand it then, so I concluded to let it be till morning, feeling that it was safe.

In the morning, the gentleman came with his cage, and I simply went with him to the engineer who had imprisoned it, saying we had come for the bird, and speaking confidently about it, revealing the fact that I knew where it was. The captain stood by, and instantly I saw his face flush, though I did not understand it at the time. Hastily, and in some confusion, he ordered the engineer to fetch the bird, seeming to rebuke him for having shut it up. He was a very passionate man, and feeling, I suppose, that I had exposed him, though I did not then know his complicity, he flew into such a rage that he could not repress

his anger, and when I was stooping to help get the bird in the cage, he seized me by the hair and shook me severely. I was instantly in an attitude of prayer, asking to be kept in a spirit of love, and the Lord kept me in such quietness that, looking up, I simply said, I did not understand him. He went to his room, and it was but a little while till he sent for me. As I came into his presence, I was filled with a spirit of boldness, so that I could even utter words of rebuke to him, did the Lord so direct. And so as he began to talk, I said, seeming to anticipate him, "Yes, captain, I think you should apologize." My fearlessness and the quiet in which I was kept seemed to impress him as much as the resistless spirit the Lord enabled me to manifest at the first. But he did not wish still to yield, and for a little, again he seemed hardened, and ordered me from him. But there was something at work in his own heart, that he could not resist, and it was but a little time till he came to me, bringing with him the chief steward, in whose presence he began to tell what I had done—intimating that I had dared to rebuke him. The steward, thinking that, perhaps, I had offered him some indignity, interrupted him by ordering me to pack my things at once and leave. "No," said the captain,

“I wish him retained if every one else is dismissed, for he is honest.” Then turning to me he said, “I do apologize, not to you, but to the principle of honesty I see in you.” Here was a victory—not mine, but God’s. Let His be all the glory, for His was the power, and to Him I had lifted my cry. Now I was overcome, when I saw the power of God had triumphed, and I could not refrain from tears. Looking up I saw the captain’s eyes filled. He was tender of heart though passionate. A beautiful experience at sea, revealed to me one of

THE WONDERS OF PRAYER:

I had been tried and troubled, and in the quiet night as I listened to the moan of the sea, alone on my pillow, a feeling of desolation came over me. What an atom I seemed, far out in mid-ocean! Far away were all my loved ones. Was I cared for? At that hour, one afar was praying for me, and that prayer reached out, and over the ocean, and my spirit felt it. How deeply conscious was my realization of it! From the heart that offered it, it rose till it touched the heart of the Infinite, and then in gentle love dropped down into my heart, like a bow of promise—promise of which I laid hold and was blessed. It seemed as if

ministering angels were gathered about me, bringing peace and rest.

Looking back into the past a few years, a memory arises that shows how the Lord verified to me His sweet promise,

I WILL MAKE ALL THEIR BED IN SICKNESS.

The question had often been asked me, what I would do if I should get sick away among strangers with no one to care for me, and once, thus alone, absent from all former friends, nay, among entire strangers, and without money, I was put to this test. How distinctly do I recall that I never have cried to the Lord for deliverance, that He has not heard my call. He heard it then, and in a wonderful manner raised up friends for me, who supplied all my needs. I was placed in a comfortable bed, and the most watchful care ministered to me and supplied dainties such as I could not have had among my own loved friends. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." "There is no want to them that fear Him." "My soul shall make her boast in God."

For the sake of the young especially, I would like to narrate a very simple little circumstance, showing that

EQUITY HAS ITS REWARD.

At one time, on a steamer, I had the misfortune to break some articles. When the boat landed, I got permission to go on shore, and I purchased others to replace them, matching the ones broken. With a happy heart—happy because of the consciousness of doing what God taught me was right, I returned to the vessel. Coming on deck, the captain saw the package I had, and afterward inquired of me what it was. I had not intended to say anything about my purchase, but thus asked, I had to tell, so I explained how I had broken these articles and was replacing them. Looking up, I was surprised to see, not only his deep interest, but his evident emotion. Presently he said, “I trust you will be very careful about breaking, but I think the company is better able to bear the loss of those broken articles than you are,” and then he returned to me the money I had spent for these I was bringing in to replace them. From that time onward, I seemed to have his entire confidence, and he treated me more as a father would his own son, than a stranger. My heart would rejoice if the narration of these simple incidents of my life, would help others, young like myself, (for I am still little more than a beardless boy, these seven years having

taken me but a short distance beyond my majority) to walk in the path of rectitude. Looking back, I see how much more closely I might have walked, and yet, I see when I did walk, trusting in God, how He saved me from every snare.

During the past week a seeming trifle transpired, yet it has been an assurance to me that God, in all the ages of the world since the record of Job, at least,

GIVES DOUBLE

for what has been given for Him. I was walking along, and one who was suffering, appealed to me for aid. I saw it was a genuine case of need, and though I had but little money in my pocket, a voice in my heart seemed saying, "give him some." I obeyed, feeling that I was answering God's call rather than his. I did it as unto the Lord, and walked on. But a short time afterward, I picked up off the street, a little more than double what I had given him. Here was the promised measure, "heaped up, running over." My heart was filled with praises, not because of this increase, but it assured me that God had accepted my deed as unto Himself, as I intended it, and He had given it back to me doubled and accompanied with His blessing.

Nothing given to Him is lost. In some way, it always brings rich store of blessing to us.

Just now I look back to my short stay in London, and I see how wonderfully I was

KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

As I walked those streets in a foreign land, not seeing a face I had ever seen before, as I saw the gay trappings of wealth and luxury, so painfully in contrast with the poverty and degradation of "Cheap Side," and thought of myself amid the whirl and din and crash of that mammoth city, almost without a penny, high above all rose my heart to Him who had loved me and washed me, and who I now felt was not only looking down upon me, but was dwelling in me, my Guide and Comforter, and my continuous response was, "I am trusting, Lord, in thee." I knew that He was able to keep that "that I had committed to Him," and He did keep my mind and heart in peace, so that I faltered not. Nor did I feel alone. Consciously real was His presence to me, and during the few days that I remained there, He made ways for me so that I lacked nothing. This, too, when my voice went up to Him only, for in my times of need, seldom ever have I been permitted to speak to any one about it. "O, that men would

praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men. For He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

I could spend much time in recounting incidents of His leading and Divine provision, of which the past few weeks seem the crowning period, but I may not linger. I have told sufficient. Through all, I have felt that He had a purpose in the manner of the leading, that was not apparent at the time. It seemed to me it was for help to others as well as to myself, and often have I desired the gift of utterance that I might recount to others some of His unnumbered acts of love to me. Through this written record, that desire may be gratified beyond what it could have been through my lips. Let those who read, ascribe all honor and power and glory to the Living God. Let no eye be turned in admiration upon those who are the recipients of His love. Rather, through them, behold Him.

In my travels I have seen the little rill that had its rise among the mountains. I have followed the same rill, increasing as it flowed, till it was lost in the broad expanse of a river; this also widening and deepening as it flowed onward, emptying itself into some gulf or sea. And I

have been out on what is familiar to mariners as the Gulf Stream—a stream from the Gulf-tide which sweeps out into the great deep with such a force that it is not turned aside by the current of the sea. Through this tide, timbers have been known to be swept across the ocean. And now, as I look back over the past seven years, these streams seem to illustrate my experience. After my conversion, my peace was as the little rill, flowing down from the mountain of the Lord, laughing and rippling as it flowed through those early years of my life, gaining as it went. When the Spirit was poured out upon me that rill was lost in a great, broad river of peace, which in turn, was ever widening and deepening as it flowed. But when this recent flood of light fell on me, on Broadway, it seemed that the river swept out into the Gulf-stream, and, though surrounded by a sea of difficulties, the current flows onward, regardless of the waves and the billows. And why should it not? It is the “Peace of God which passeth all understanding,” and should His peace be turned aside from its course by any counter-current?

But let it not be supposed for a moment that there is a feeling in my heart that I have fathomed the riches of His glory. I feel but at the beginning; and there are the “breadths and lengths,

and depths and heights" beyond me. The one who writes this record has just said, and I have asked her to write the thought, "Walter, there are rich, sweet experiences, beyond these you have told me—experiences you may have while here; and then, there's a fulness in the Lord that we shall never exhaust, through eternity. Keep your mind and heart open to the Light and Love of God." And this I would do. I would lie at His feet and be taught of Him.

And now, this record being done, I am waiting for His next command, and whether it shall be to abide here and serve in some new way, or whether I shall again go out on the deep, I am sure it will only be to see some new manifestation of His love, and my heart says,

"THY WILL BE DONE."

CHAPTER XV.

THOUGHTS BY THE AUTHOR.

OUR young friend has now told us the leading events of his life. He has told us of his travels by land and by sea, and also of that travail of soul during which he traveled, spiritually, out of darkness into light—out of unrest into quietness and peace. The lessons to be learned from the narrative are many; but the impressions made upon the minds of the readers, will, no doubt, be as varied in their character as are the characteristics and states of the minds which receive them. The rays of light take on, to us, the hue of the lens through which we look. The difference is not in the light, but in the medium. There is an adage which says, “If we hunt a bear, we find a bear.” And it is true that we are apt to find the object for which we look. And so, if we view an object with the cold eye of criticism, or in a fault-finding spirit, we are sure to find defects; and as these two lenses have wonderful magnifying power, the defects are very apt to assume immense proportions. If we look through an eye of love and

earnest desire after good, a golden light, rich and warm, clothes the object, and a veil of blue, as a curtain of charity, shields, like a kindly mist, the defects and foibles which else might seem prominent. It will hardly be straining the meaning of the Lord's words to apply them here,—“The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.”

It is true that our view of a thing depends largely on our own state and manner of approach. It is wonderful how we project from us and beyond us our states and conditions: Are we in sorrow, all sounds seem to us in a minor key; are we in heaviness of spirit, a moan from the surging sea of life in which we move, seems ever a dirge in our souls; are we tossed with doubt, uncertainty pervades the universe; are we restless, the lashing of billows, as they toss in, only to sweep back with the under-current, is a fit picture of what appears on all sides; do we cower in fear, all things are portentous of evil; are we despondent, the world is draped in sombre hue. On the contrary, does gladness fill the heart, joy is in the breeze, and many-tongued voices sing in the wind; are we buoyant in spirit, the waves of the sea of

life come to us freighted with melody, in which is the deep, full undertone that resounds with God's love; are we established in truth, the universe has a sure foundation; are we at rest, quiet reigns supreme; are we fearless, all things seem secure, with promise of good; are we cheerful, the world is clad in purple-hued beauty.

This principle is so generally accorded, that it has given rise to many proverbs. Among them, are these: "Those who look through jaundiced eyes, see all things yellow." "You measure other people's corn in your own half-bushel." And yet, though so generally accorded, how often is it ignored and overlooked! Especially is this true in regard to spiritual matters; and, in part, to call attention to this, is this chapter written. Our young friend has told us his experience. It is his experience—the dealings of God with his soul. And yet, many, forgetting the principle to which we have just alluded, may view it through the medium of their own soul-state, and project into it what would more properly belong nearer home. Or, taking the dealings of God with their own souls, as the measure of what His dealings should always be, they may see in it extravagance here, or excitement there, as the case may be. Or, if their own experience (or want of experience

more properly, perhaps) has not been marked by distinct stages, as his has been, they may turn from it in unbelief of the whole thing; because they have known, in their own soul-history, nothing like it. It is easy to dispose of a matter with negative testimony, which is no testimony at all. It goes for nothing, that we say we have not had a certain experience, if some one meets us with the positive testimony that he has had it. The negative testimony of a whole world, that had not discovered the law of gravitation, weighed not a feather against the positive testimony of the one who did discover it. The sneers of unbelief that have ever flung their ribald jest at discovery, amount to nothing in the face of positive discovery, which blesses mankind. So the negative testimony of multitudes of unbelieving Christians, goes for nought in the face of the positive testimony which can say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." And so one may say, "I never realized those marked seasons of delight and uplifting of soul, which have been described here. I never passed through such baptisms." And suppose one has not. Would it follow that another had not? One person may be in light and another in darkness. The one in darkness will have no appreciation of the beauties

beheld by the one in light. What could he say in regard to them that would truthfully apply?

Or, two persons may each be in light, but the manner of their coming into it, be so entirely different, that a difference of opinion may arise as to method, each one seeing only his own approach. To one it may have been the gentle dawn of a day—first the gray dawn, then the rosy tint sifting through, the sun-rays glinting up over the hill-tops,—finally, the full-orbed splendor and high noontide. Another is imprisoned in darkness, but he has been told there is an eastern window. He goes groping about, blundering here and stumbling there, but with outstretched hand, eager for the first touch of the casement. His one desire is light. Perhaps he has groped in darkness long, and it may be, at times, hope has almost failed him. How does he know that dogma and creed and tradition and false teaching, may have been the instruments that shut him in, and may now be the objects over which he is stumbling and blundering? He is painfully conscious of one fact; he is in darkness, and is unhappy. But he is honestly seeking the light, and, from falling, rises again and reaches out for the casement. At last, a touch that thrills with hope!—he searches for the bolt, draws back the bar, flings open the

shutter, and lo, 'tis day! Is it strange that his eyes are blinded with the glory, and that, in the effort to adapt his vision to the splendor, the delight is almost pain? Or that, before his vision becomes accustomed to the landscape, he should make, in his eager delight, many innocent but ludicrous mistakes? The worst mistake either one of these can make, is that of thinking his method is the best, or only one. How much better, if the strength of the two experiences is combined, for mutual good. The first one, from his gradual approach, is apt to have a placidity of state, which may rapidly degenerate into coldness and inefficiency. The latter, from the sudden transition, may be thrown into such ecstatic delights, that, dazed by the glory, he may rush out into a zeal and impetuosity, which are but creaturely effort, and soon degenerate into formality.

The whole body is made complete by "that which every joint supplieth," and, in these two cases, we see how much is needed, by each, the modifying, helping influence of the other. The body cannot afford to be without the peculiar characteristics of each member. Only let the members not fall into a wrangle among themselves in regard to their particular functions. The ear cannot see, the eye cannot hear, the hands cannot

walk, the feet cannot handle. There are diversities of gifts, diversities of administration, and function, and method; yet, in the diversity, may be the uniformity which arises from the one Spirit. Let this be the bond of union.

Of one thing be assured: No matter what our experience may be, it will have its peculiar avenues of approach, through which may come to us a snare, unless that avenue be kept constantly guarded by "lifting our eyes unto the hills, whence cometh our help." The eye, the perceptive of the soul, kept ever open toward the Lord, secures to us that constant, influent Truth, which makes us free. In the case of the placid one, on whom light has dawned, there is the danger that a cold, chill cloud of mist may creep, like a mildew, over the soul, blighting the fruitage. Such may gradually and imperceptibly congeal into an icy coldness, which freezes all who approach. This, too, may have come, in part, from a distrust in, and a studied effort to avoid and suppress, emotion, lest it lead astray. We need, constantly, to say "I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what He will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved."

In contrast with the danger which attends the

one of placid, quiet life, is that which besets him who has made sudden and marked transitions, from one stage to another. Such a one is liable to be ensnared by the very delights of the transitions. Fenelon says, "This life of illumination and sensible delights, is a very dangerous snare, if we become so attached to it as to desire nothing farther." The Scriptures clearly set forth marked transitions from one soul-state to another, though the preparation, leading to these, may be very gradual; just as the entrance into each court of the temple, must be marked, though the approach to it is gradual, step by step. One may be so absorbed in thought of what lies beyond, however, as scarce to observe the door through which he passes, but this is unusual. He surely needs be in no doubt of his being in the temple. Marked transitions in soul-states are always attended with more or less delight. The snare here arises from the danger of becoming absorbed in the delight of the entrance, instead of taking possession of the apartment and applying to use every article with which it is furnished. How foolish to turn and become absorbed in admiring the door through which we gained access, beautiful though it may be, and though it subserved its purpose well! Do not some, in admiring the beauty of pillar and

porch, "mistake the portico of the temple for the very sanctuary itself?" I greatly fear they do.

Another danger attends beautiful and marked transitions—that of mistaking the delightful entrance just passed, as the one which admits into the most interior place. Many blunder here; hence, many seem to retrograde after a distinct stage passed, because, looking for and expecting nothing beyond, they seek for and receive nothing farther. They are satisfied that they have reached the *ultima thule* of Christian experience. "So foolish are we, and ignorant." We forget that the Divine Architect, who has taken possession of His temple, would now begin the work of beautifying it, going from one court to another, as the case may demand, adding a golden fringe here, a purple curtain yonder, drawing aside the drapery for more light, and causing nook and crevice, and corner and wall to shine resplendent with precious stones, as the truth, many-tinted but beautiful, is inlaid in the very structure of the edifice. We forget that He who has come into His temple is now to sit as a refiner.

Before closing these remarks, it may be well to speak of the real skepticism which attends the usually expressed and generally accorded belief, in the Divine leading. In a sort of indefinite

way, the opinion is avowed that the Lord does lead and direct, but it is astonishing how little it is really believed when applied to the specific detail of daily life; and multitudes who would quote flippantly the passages of Scripture referring to the numbering of the hairs of our heads, the adorning of the lilies and the fall of the sparrows, would look with doubt if not with distrust upon that testimony which confidently recognizes the minute ordering of Providence. Of the many who sing "He leadeth me," there is a much smaller minority than we are wont to believe, perhaps, of those who altogether believe it, and who submit to that leading; and a confident testimony in regard to a recognized leading is apt to be looked upon with suspicion, and ycleped "fanaticism." And yet, what possibilities to the soul are enveloped in that thought, only to be unfolded to us as we "follow on to know the Lord," while He leads us in "a plain path"! And this path, we are told, is to go on from glory to glory, and to shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. No provision is made in it for a retrograde movement, nor for "by and forbidden paths." These indicate a wandering from the path—from the Guide. The "plain path" is still onward and upward, and our Leader is ever beyond and above us.

What possibilities does it not open up before a being endowed with a rational and spiritual nature, capable of thought and feeling! These possibilities are indicated by the promise, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus," or rather "in Christ Jesus," as it should be rendered. But what a dim perception of our "needs" pervades the human mind, what a faint conception of these "riches in glory"! Yet not a possibility of our being, either here or hereafter, either natural or spiritual, is not embraced in the words, "all your need." And, to the store-house of God's riches in glory we are invited for the full supply of all these. The promise is not for part of them, yet it has its limit in the words, "in Christ Jesus,"—not out of Him, but as Christ is formed in us, "the hope of glory,"—as we "put on Christ." In the Lord alone, who is to us the ministration of the riches of our God, do we find our needs supplied. And this supply is not made by imputation, but by an impartation of Divine Life. Is guidance one of our needs? We see where, alone, we can obtain it. To be led, implies contact, union, companionship. When the human touches the Divine, and the touch of the Divine thrills the entire being—when the soul is united to God by a living faith

which works by love and purifies the heart, and as a result of that union the Life of God begins to flow into the soul, as the life of the vine into the branch, causing bud and blossom and leaf and fruit,—when the heart begins to know that companionship in which is interchange of thought and feeling, as friend talking with friend, then will be understood something of the leading which results from a Presence ever with us,—from a Life within our life, or rather a Life which crucifies the self-life—from a Presence which is not a mere conception or myth, but as real as our very existence—more real than things material. Nor is it a leading of blind impulse, but the legitimate fruit of our illuminating, life-giving Presence within—the Shekinah shedding radiance in the innermost, illuminating the mind, warming the heart into willing obedience, and giving the needed word of wisdom or admonition at the proper time. It is a serious question to be carefully considered, whether God's all-reaching promises have not been dwarfed to suit our own want of trust.

But why multiply words? Our young friend has told us his story, and has stated his object in doing so; and if, among the multiform impressions made upon the minds of the readers, the weak are strengthened through the perusal, the faltering

encouraged, the faint cheered and the wilful admonished to commit their way more entirely to the Lord, it will not have been told in vain. Should there be doubting ones, they need not rely on human testimony, but put this matter to the test for themselves by obeying the bidding, "Bring ye all the tithes into the store-house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."



